HEADLANDS JOURNAL 1993

ARTISTS

1993 Artists-in-Residence

California/Bay Area Mark Bartlett

Krystyna Bobrowski Gabrielle Daniels Sheila Ghidini Ulysses Jenkins

Susan King Bernie Lubell Dean & Juliet Flower MacCannell Margie O'Driscoll

Florence Flo Oy Wong Liz Young

National Robert Johnson, North Carolina

Gene Langston, North Carolina Mardith Louisell, Minnesota Stephen Mohring,

Minnesota Mike Olson, Minnesota Ce Scott, North Carolina Lenny Seidman,

Philadelphia Elizabeth Smullens, Philadelphia Will Stokes, Philadelphia

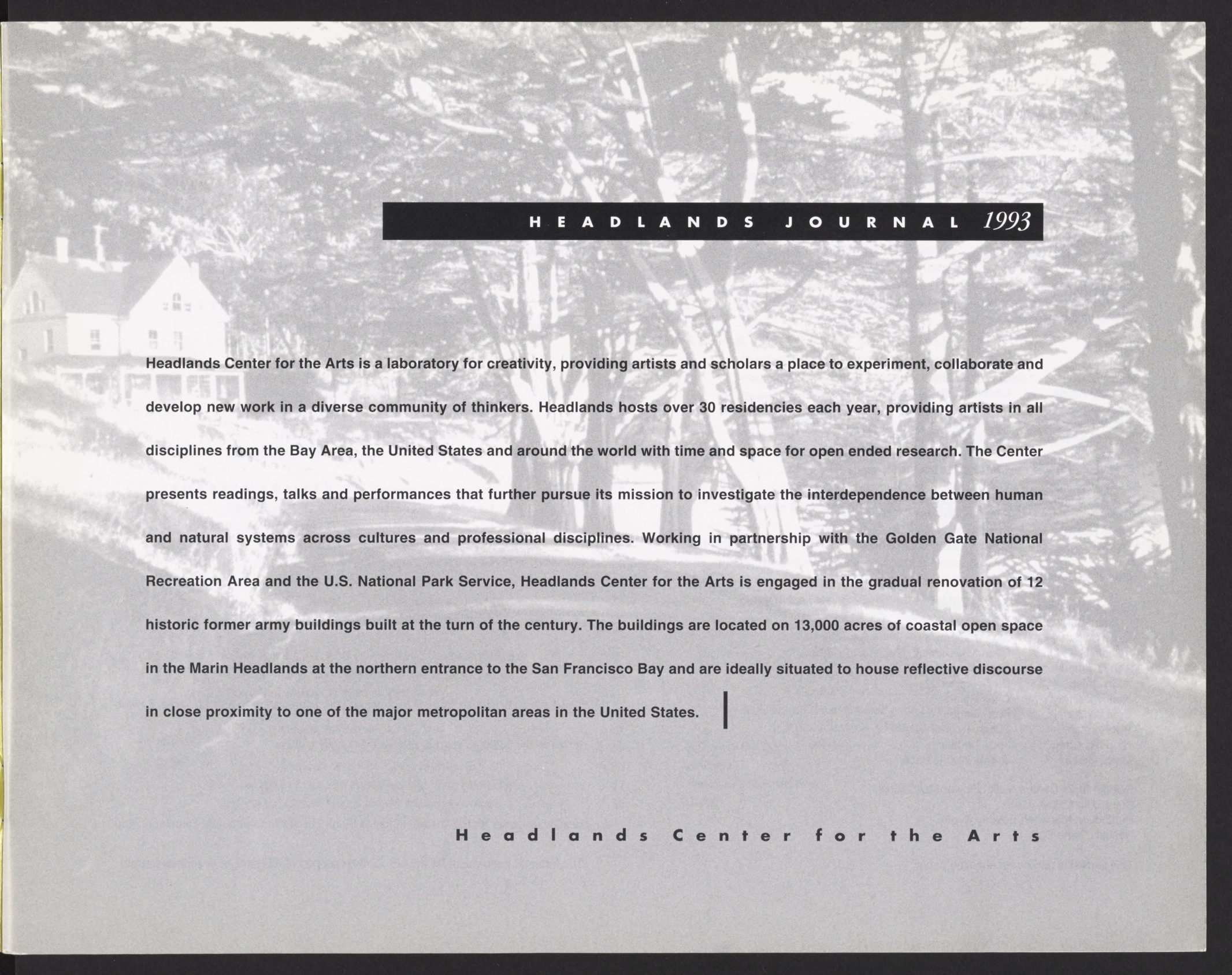
International Gunilla Bandolin, Sweden Michal Nesazal, Czech Republic

Cesare Pietrosiusti, Italy Celso Santajuliana, Mexico Stig Sjolund, Sweden

Jorge Vertiz, Mexico

Arts International Lila Wallace-Readers' Digest

Program Mei-ling Hom



HEADLANDS JOURNAL *1993*

Headlands Center for the Arts is a laboratory for creativity, providing artists and scholars a place to experiment, collaborate and develop new work in a diverse community of thinkers. Headlands hosts over 30 residencies each year, providing artists in all disciplines from the Bay Area, the United States and around the world with time and space for open ended research. The Center presents readings, talks and performances that further pursue its mission to investigate the interdependence between human and natural systems across cultures and professional disciplines. Working in partnership with the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and the U.S. National Park Service, Headlands Center for the Arts is engaged in the gradual renovation of 12 historic former army buildings built at the turn of the century. The buildings are located on 13,000 acres of coastal open space in the Marin Headlands at the northern entrance to the San Francisco Bay and are ideally situated to house reflective discourse in close proximity to one of the major metropolitan areas in the United States.

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HEADLANDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS is a laboratory where exploration and inquiry are ongoing parts of all that we do. *Headlands Journal* is one of our ways of making the process and results of those inquiries publicly available. This year we have invited two former Headlands residents to be the editors of their year's work: Mark Bartlett and Juliet Flower MacCannell. I am grateful for their intelligent approaches to reconfiguring the *Journal* and for teaching us new things about ourselves.

This will be the last introduction I write for *Headlands Journal,* as I will be leaving the Center in September to become the Director of Visual Arts at the National Endowment for the Arts. While exhilarated by the challenge of working at the Endowment in these "interesting" times, I am also aware of how difficult it is to leave a place that has seeped so thoroughly into my bones. Headlands has given me my voice over these past eight and one-half years and now, like all the artists who come here, it is time to leave and exercise that voice in another world. I am grateful to everyone I have worked with who has taught me so well. Of great comfort to me is the fact that Headlands resides so firmly in the hearts and minds of our staff, our board, our artists and our supporters, that the transition to new leadership will be effected smoothly. I look forward with high hopes to the next generation of Headlands and the ideas it will continue to contribute to the cultural life of our country. I leave giving my warmest personal thanks for all that you have done as visitors, participants and supporters of the Center and for all that you will do for it in the years to come. Headlands' potential and promise remain tantalizingly great and, like you, I will remain its champion, only now, a little further removed.

Jennifer Dowley, Executive Director

AS ARTISTS-IN-RESIDENCE in 1993, we are pleased to have been invited to present the community activities and experiences in *Headlands Journal 1993*. We hope the *Journal's* readers will grasp some sense of the exemplary uniqueness of the Headlands and understand the works that follow as experiments, as searches, as attempts and temptations, more and less finished. As the various statements and images offered by the Artists-in-Residence punctuate the urgent talk series curated by Ann Chamberlain, we expect it to become clear to the readers of this *Journal* how crucial Headlands is for enabling new forms of sustaining life, spirit, and the critical capacity to shape change.

We have tried to provide a sense of the multiform character of the Headlands experience, its texture, its energies, its seriousness and fun. We believe that this year was marked by the formation of new solidarities of artists, writers and thinkers. The reader will soon discover that in this vital context it is not easy to sort out who's who.

The strength and attractiveness of Headlands remains in its uncompromising adherence to its founding principle: to provide space for the new and unknown in which "something else" will happen, will be discovered or invented. Our editorial strategy has been to highlight the interlocking of "Sustainability" - the theme of Chamberlain's lecture series - with "Something Else"- the self-organizing year-long event that arose spontaneously among the residents. Headlands' approach to sustainability emerges as uniquely empowering for those who dwelt for a moment, or at length, at this postmodern oasis. Nothing was predicted or predicated. Artists' projects were often radically transformed from what they thought might happen; spontaneous collaborations occurred; peripheral visions became central. In inaugurating evening meals together and "salon nights," the Residents and Affiliates embarked on a new, vital forum for interchange and embrace of each others' thoughts. The results of some of this interchange are still pending.

Headlands is then, for us, curiously and enticingly, no-place. It draws its vitality from those who pass through it, leaving subtle markings and signs for those who follow. It is a neo-nomadic space where peoples converge, diverge, and reconfigure themselves, the spirit of the place and the future.

This *Journal* is organized in six sections, each centered on a talk or talks addressing a different aspect of "Sustainability," to be, sometimes directly, sometimes obliquely, heard against the counterpoint of "Something Else."

Mark Bartlett, Juliet Flower MacCannell, Resident Editors

We have a way of living sustainably that is based on a concept, in our language, mino-bimadiziwin. The ultimate translation is "continuous rebirth." All things that are natural are cyclical. We also have a concept that what you do now you will be accountable for later. This is implicit in cyclical thinking about time. Another major anchoring point in our society is the concept of "reciprocity." When I harvest wild rice or when I harvest plants for medicine or when I harvest berries, I always offer saema, which is tobacco. It is a reciprocal relationship; you cannot take without giving. And you can only take what you need; you must leave the rest.

Winona LaDuke (Ojibway/Anishinabe), August 30, 1992

"Anthropocentrism" is the notion that we are exceptions to natural process. We the human beings, either because we have been divinely created or we have intelligence which sets us apart from all other organisms, are exceptions to natural process. We alone will escape any large scale geologic and ecologic change because we can see it coming and adjust to it ...devise technology in reference to it, invest in the technology in sufficient quantities and distribute it to those who will most benefit from it fast enough so that we will be saved from geologic crisis.

Tim Weiskel, September 12, 1993

SUSTAINABILITY, the Headlands Talks series for 1993, grew out of the comments and issues raised by Native thinkers during the Cultural Encounter dialogues of 1992 and focused on the fallacy of anthropocentricism: that growth precedes other considerations of life on this planet. 1993, the Year of Indigenous People, provided an opportunity to explore a different way of thinking about our relation to the world, to reflect on our personal and cultural attitudes and actions.

The meaning of sustainability is to nourish and prolong. It implies a life style or culture which provides daily nourishment and shelter for all. With half a million people living on the streets of this country as 'hunters and gatherers,' we have come to turn blind eyes to an underclass of disproportionate numbers. We have our cars, our comforts, our computers. They have become rights, necessities, part of the American Way, rather than the luxuries that they are to most of the world. But what impact do these rights have on the rest of the planet? Environmentalists say that each child born in this country has 60 times the environmental impact of a child from a developing country. The question of privilege surrounds any question of who is sustained and at what cost.

For many indigenous people, sustainability means a responsibility to the environment, not just to our cultural or personal perpetuation, but to the air we breathe, the plants and animals we eat, the water we drink, to the earth on which we walk. For subsistence cultures, this concept of mutuality constitutes the sacred. But what does it mean to those of us urban and suburban dwellers wed to convenience stores for our subsistence?

What fuels the quest beyond what is necessary? Can we live with 'enough' or will our desires always drive us to want more? What can we learn from indigenous cultures that are now living or have lived sustainably with 'enough'? Or is this yet another quest for the 'absolute other,' a romantic yearning for a time that never was. It seems clear that there is no 'going back' to a simpler, truer time, when everyone hunted and gathered or hoed and harvested. But equally, there is no longer a 'going forward,' without recognizing the consequences of our actions.

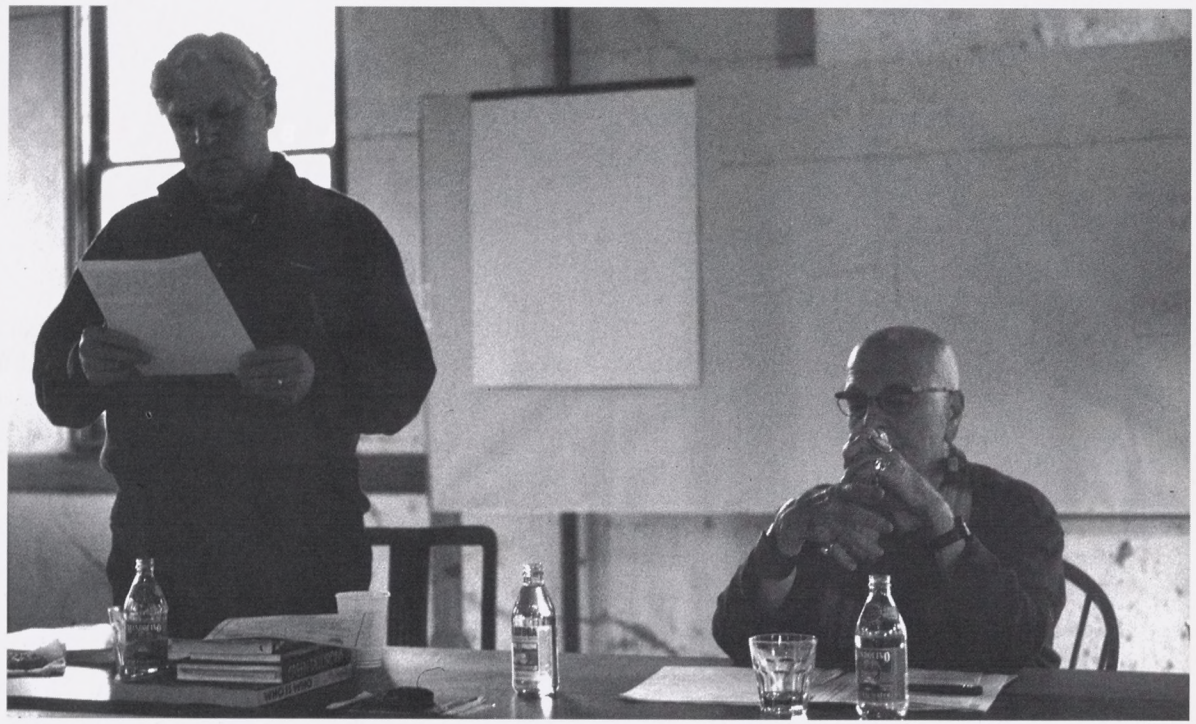
These talks were a chance to reflect on our daily acts and their implications. On how we tend our food, take care of our trash, mend our bodies, as well as our communities. What compounded daily actions could possibly make a difference to the world, and how can we change our minds and attitudes to more suit the world in its current circumstances? The talks serve as a document of not only what was said, but how it was said. Through conversation, how we think emerges, enabling us to witness our values which are embedded in the structure of our thought, and to consider other ways of thinking, as well as being.

Ann Chamberlain, Program Director

SUSTAINABILITY 1: *World in the Unmaking*

The following talks treat the coming ecological catastrophe, current ongoing evolutionary extinction events, and art's role in both alerting us to them, bearing with them, and potentially reshaping our human "ecological footprints" on the earth. The artists' statements, images, and events concretize modes of giving us new visions of our relation to making and unmaking space, place and setting . . .

Sustaining Growth
Rachel Rosenthal & Dr. Tim Weiskel
September 12, 1993



Tim Weiskel & Rachel Rosenthal discuss the threat to the earth's environment posed by the proliferation of the human species. There are five billion people on earth. During the next century, the population will double. It will take vision and imagination to grasp and cope with this. What role may artists play in envisioning a different future?

Rachel Rosenthal is a Los Angeles-based interdisciplinary artist, a pioneer in the experimental theater movement. She has taught at UC Berkeley, the Otis School of Art and Design, at UC Santa Barbara and NYU.

Tim Weiskel has written extensively about the global environment. He is a research fellow at the Center for Science and International Affairs of the Kennedy School of Government, where he is currently researching the environmental impact of the NAFTA agreement. He is Director of the Harvard Seminar of Environmental Values at Harvard University. Dr. Weiskel is working on a book entitled *Theology for a Small Planet.*

The discussion presents two similarly pessimistic views of population expansion. Weiskel is concerned with adapting our minds to the inevitable elimination of the human species as unexceptional, simply one event in a long series of losses in evolutionary time. (At the dinner following the event, one artist asked Weiskel for a comment on how he combines such activism and such pessimism. He replied, "Studies show that you feel much better if you know what you are dying of.") Becoming aware of the overlarge "ecological footprint" of agricultural /urbanized humanity, for Weiskel, means that we must create new images and metaphors to impress us with our "charge" as "citizen creatures" in a system we didn't create and cannot control. Rosenthal sees art rather as a means of propaganda for the earth. In a context equally devoid of ultimate hope, Rosenthal stresses the human "moral responsibility toward the planet," with the artist's responsibility being that of "alerting or creating a new paradigm or vision or forum by which to lead people into the new world, a new order" without (many) people.

TW: Act responsibly so as to protect the system that will maintain yourself within it. Is there enough time remaining to transform humans and their metaphorical frames, especially of "competitive conquest" and "zero sum gains," into metaphors of restoration and renewal? In the forge of our minds and heart, can we learn to beat swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks? Shakespeare summed up the skills of the poet quite powerfully. "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling doth glance from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven and, as imagination bodies forth forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

In addressing the environmental crisis, artists' imaginations must "body forth" the forms of things unknown and give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." We need to learn from artists how to see, design and construct a relation to the world that seeks to cherish, preserve and enhance the balance and beauty of natural process. If we cannot envision and give compelling forms to our strong imagination, then we are surely doomed. Through art there is yet hope.

RR: My innermost heart says, "Let's get rid of them all!" I am working on a new piece where I am virtually saying, "Okay, nine-tenths of us have to go and how are we going to do that?" I am inventing an ironic scene where we have to fill out questionnaires, and, according to our answers, the computer will decide whether we

live or die. A lot of people will be eliminated. I don't know if that will even be necessary, because I think Gaia is going to do it for us. On the one hand, I do these pieces and put out an art that says, "Pay attention. Watch out. Be careful. Be aware. See what is happening. Change your ways." On the other hand, I am thinking the worse we get, the closer we are to virtual extinction. It might not be total, but there will be a tremendous crash in the species. And to me, being not a humanist, not anthropocentric, that is what I would prefer to see, even if I have to go and even if my loved ones have to go.

Weiskel's concern is that the scope of impending natural crisis is not being seriously addressed at the level of the human heart because it exceeds our ability, through our language and our images and metaphors, literally, to conceive it.

TW: The fact is that we are up against a scale and pace of change we don't have any equipment to deal with as a species. We have been used to much slower things. Our cultures don't have the equipment. Biogenetically and culturally, we are up against constraints that have never characterized the human species to date. Here in Northern California, we tend to consider nature abundant and available. We've got to develop sensitivity to the impact we're having on a global scale. And we have to be able to react to the information we get in a period of time that is a split second in evolutionary terms. We can't count on our innate capacities or our cultural wisdom.

I think we're in real trouble. The "we" here is not just the artistic and intellectual community, nor Americans nor those of European tradition, those of the "north." The "we" is the entire species of human beings, and a good portion of the larger families of Mammalia and Chordata that, evolutionarily speaking, we have grown up within. If we don't make it, we're going to take a lot of other species with us.

Biologists reassure us that the invertebrates and the microbial species are likely to survive our current epoch relatively unscathed. This message proves small comfort, since the larger point is that life as we know it is undergoing a massive extinction phenomenon. Geologists and evolutionary biologists are reporting that we are in the midst of a global extinction event which equals or exceeds in scale catastrophic episodes in the geologic record (like the extinction of dinosaurs). There are two important differences between this "extinction episode" and those previously documented. First, in earlier events of similar magnitude, the agency and the sequence of species extinctions have remained a mystery. We have only theories about extraterrestrial impacts. Second, previous extinction events were only vaguely predictable. You could predict the meteor showers the earth would be subjected to in millions of years' time, and then assign probabilities to extinctions, since, in our orbit around the sun, we encounter meteor showers of great intensity every few million years.

The difference between the current extinction event and those caused by extraterrestrial phenomena is that this one seems to be internally generated, largely due to the excessive expansion of a single species and its associated interstitial species, the ones we carry around in our wake. (We don't necessarily want to; we do a lot of exterminating in reference to them. But cockroaches follow around human beings with regularity in the archaeological record, and flourish wherever humans do.) After humans become extinct, numerous species will likely disappear, some of which we intend to exist, like our cultivated plants and domesticated animals, but many others that are just hangers on in the wake of human populations. The seemingly unrestrained growth of these populations has unleashed a pattern of accentuated parasitism and predatism on the proximate species that we find useful.

New imagery is needed because of the speed, the imminence, of such changes: "The artistic community has an essential responsibility here."

TW: It is hard to keep in mind, in day-to-day terms, time frames that are a lot shorter than those of evolutionary time frames, yet where things are being collapsed. Evolutionary events will be occurring in our lifetimes. Events from one time frame are crashing through to events on another. Levels of tolerance or flip points (in chaos theory terms, zones) are being reached where certain choices will flip the whole system in one direction or another. Things go on as normal until they reach some point of intolerability; in physics, at certain energy levels, electrons sling around nuclei until they are energized to the point of flipping to another level. Discontinuous change underwrites our physical theories. But we also see it in hopscotch and jump rope; discontinuous events are the point of the operation. If you put energy into a rope you see a wave pattern emerge. That represents the amount of energy going into it. If you double that, you get twice as many waves. If you put slightly more in, there is a period of confusion, with waves going all over the place. Then it finds its own energy level and flips into a new set of waves.

For Weiskel, anthropocentrism (not necessarily countered, as in Rosenthal's view by an anti-humanism) needs to be reconsidered:

TW: The trouble is that all of our apparatus, cultural and otherwise, has been evolved in one state, and we are expected to operate now in another. We must rethink the logic of evolution from the point of view of another species, with us being the vector for it. Not altogether jokingly, a plant geneticist said that human beings were the convenient way that wheat had of moving from Turkey to South America.

Most of the world's religions are problematic in this regard because many emphasize an anthropocentrism in their vision of the world. If you try to figure out our appropriate place in the world, and turn for insight to religious traditions, you're probably going to be misled, because many have creation stories which put mankind at the center of a system which we're now beginning to discover, from evolutionary biology, we're very peripheral to. Biologically, we are late-arriving mammalian bipeds which happen to be omnivorous. To write the system as if we are the center of it is a fundamental mis-

take. Yet almost all of our evaluation systems assume that human rights should precede other rights in the system. The right to life movement, for example, automatically assumes that it's the right to human life, that it is not the right to other forms of life, certainly not microbial life. You don't get banners held up for the right of microbes to exist. We have a medical profession dedicated to the eradication of whole forms of life in order to champion human life.

For Weiskel, the logic of exception is a fundamental error:

TW: Anthropocentrism is a broader species of thought pattern that has to do with exceptionalism — the notion that we are exceptions to natural process. We, the human beings, think because we are divinely created or set apart by our intelligence from all other organisms, we are exceptions to natural process; we alone will escape large scale geologic and ecologic change because we can see it coming and adjust to it. The modern form of this kind of belief system based on exceptionalism is "techno-scientific salvationism." It emphasizes seeing what is happening, devising technology in reference to it, investing in the technology in sufficient quantities, and distributing it to those who will benefit from it fast enough to save them from geologic or even cosmic crises.

Technological salvationism believes we will save ourselves from being subject to natural processes: thanks to science, we've got miracle crops, miracle drugs and Miracle Whip. What more can we want? We can lose weight as well as save ourselves.

Technological salvationism unreformed by new metaphors and concepts are unavailing, in his view.

TW: We need a lot more to survive both as a society and as a species. We are just beginning to recognize the immensity of the problem of survivability with respect to the truly dramatic dimension of our recent growth in evolutionary terms and in terms of the relatively long time scale required to engineer stable social adjustment to changing circumstances. It took since the dawn of humanity until roughly 1945 for the human species to reach a total of 2 billion people. Within the lifetime of those born after 1945, everything up until then, in terms of the mass of humanity on the earth's surface, has been replicated. During the rest of our lifetime that figure could reach nine billion; by the middle of the next century, well beyond that, if current rates of growth are continued.

Rosenthal, "being not a humanist, not anthropocentric," concurs that exceptionalizing the human species is faulty morally as well as ecologically.

RR: I always wonder how evolution or Gaia, the earth, nature, got to the point of creating a species such as ours. How can one explain the fact that of all the creations of the planet, we are the only species that acts suicidally and in such a way so as to eradicate most of the biota around us when we go? How does that work? My understanding of evolution and of the way life has functioned up to our species, is one of complete collaboration, cooperation, synthesis; that it is not Darwinian in the sense of animals destroying each other through competition. Even though there is competition on an individual level, animals do not exterminate whole species in doing it. And we do. We take the entire world as our ecological niche. Well, this is absolutely unbelievable. No other species has ever done that.

The formal beauty and harmony of the world's functioning apart from humans is awesome to Rosenthal.

RR: The food chain (I have a little trouble with the food chain because I wonder if there could have been another way of going about it) is a really harmonious interlocking of life and death so as to cycle and recycle and continually replenish the larder, and recreate the earth. The earth does that on a geological level, recreating herself while devouring herself, through tectonic action. The tectonic plates are continually reabsorbed into the belly of the earth where they are disintegrated and then recycled by convection currents back into the ridges in the oceans, where the lava, which is the flesh of the earth, is being reborn. It is a continual cyclical thing that happens geologically. The same thing happens biologically. Then suddenly comes this species. Over thousands of years, it has been going along in a plodding way; and yet there were always little intimations of what was to come, I think, through the archaeological record. You can tell already that there is a certain greed and a certain *après moi le déluge* kind of attitude that starts pretty early but that only gets worse and worse as it goes. Indeed, even before the historical record, bands of humans completely destroyed forests, completely destroyed arable land. So, what exactly happened? Why is that?

If we are obviously now going into a period of acceleration is there something about the Gaian process that has created what in chaos theory is called "initial conditions" that eventually, through recycling and feedback and iteration, will create the big crisis, the big crash, the big momentous, catastrophic event we are running towards? If that is the case, I am wondering when those initial conditions really happened. Did the intimation of the future somehow feed back on itself in the iteration process in such a way as to create that "bad seed" that would eventually simply eradicate us?

Rosenthal is less sanguine than Weiskel about art's potential role.

RR: Can art help? There are artists who say so, and there are artists who say that art is about art and nothing else. I am working on a piece right now I call "Zone." It deals with all of these issues, particularly the mono issue of overpopulation.

The piece will be structured very much like the theories of chaos dynamics, and I have a company of five people besides myself. We all happen to be Caucasians — not by design, but by chance. I decided to surround us with hordes of non-white people. I am going to have a lot of people on that stage, all non-white. I would like to give the impression, without being obvious and without stating my

position and without actually spelling things out, of what it is that has happened in history with western civilization being mainly white. We have either corrupted or colonized or subdued or exploited or simply eradicated the surrounding hordes, as I call them, of non-white people. These people are now reproducing at a tremendously high rate and are beginning to return. We westerners started out by going to their lands and doing what we wanted to do to their population and their lands. Now there is a reverse movement. The pressure from these immigrations eventually will turn into invasions. This pressure is becoming very real; we are reading that there is paranoia and fear and alarm in many regions. I want to show this thin white line of six white people trying to hold back this inexorable pressure. It is the image of what is happening in the world.

This pressure comes not so much from wanting to strike back at us for what we may or may not have done, but from the fact that resources have been so depleted that they are just no longer available. We in the west and in the northern hemisphere are still displaying an image of growth, an image of richness, an image of affluence. Quite normally and understandably, people who don't have what we have want it, and need it for survival. Meanwhile, we are collapsing under the weight of this totally erroneous approach to life — the metaphor of growth. We are saying "don't grow." And they are saying, "You grew, why can't we?" So this tidal wave, this tsunami that is coming our way is very threatening, very frightening and very real. It will not bode any good, for the simple reason that what people who are going to invade us want is just no longer there, nor should it be there, nor should we try to put it there, either technologically or any other way.

We are living this madness, this imbalance, these tremendous, huge movements of humans across the globe. They seem to be working not from an intelligent or intellectual or thought-out kind of thrust, but really and truly from madness and from needs and impulses that come from way back that have been iterated and bloated and inflated over centuries and centuries. They are now giving a real sense of there no longer being a point of sanity.

For Rosenthal art can point out the "hubris" of our human tendency to put "just so little understanding and so little emphasis, so little attention to others which are non-human."

RR: Everywhere you read, everywhere you look, there is information about "the horrors." "The horrors" are always about us poor humans suffering. There is almost no information, when you read the papers, look at television, talk to people, about those horrors inflicted on and suffered by all the others. It is this stance of uniqueness, of superiority, of being separate from the rest of nature, not being subject to the laws of nature, not being part of the continuum, which is killing us, murdering us. And doing it in such a way that we'll take everybody else with us.

Art can attempt to "propagandize" against "this ingrained kind of hubris."

RR: I try to do it all the time with my work, and my question as an artist is always, "Has it changed anything? Have I moved anything?" Sure, when people suddenly are alerted, I can see that and feel the energy. And the things that I do and the things that I say in my performances I try to do with maximum impact, with a lot of theatricality. I try to reach people intellectually, I try to reach them emotionally, I try to reach them spiritually. This is how I prepare my pieces. I do it absolutely like a propagandist. I try to be Madison Avenue. How do you do it? What colors do you use? What words do you use? How do you manipulate the energy of an audience so as to really zap them?

My whole life and my whole direction as an artist is to somehow do something for the Earth. I am an Earth lover. I am not a humanist, as I said before. When I look at people individually, I love them. But en masse, intellectually, I say, "Let's get rid of them." Because it is the only way that the rest of the biota has a chance.

Both Weiskel and Rosenthal are concerned that the dominant "market metaphors" are the deepest ground of contemporary ecological thought and that it is not deep enough. Weiskel passes out articles anthropologically documenting the unconscious habits of thought in this regard.

TW: One of these, "At What Price Clean Air?" illustrates the market metaphors being used for environmental protection — metaphors of price, of cost, of worth, valuation and sale, exchange — all being associated with a problem, air. In the process, air has actually been converted into a commodity. Any metaphorical structure has a whole set of assumptions built into it. You react within a metaphorical frame, saying, "Well, gee, maybe I am spending too much for clean air," or "Can I afford clean air?" or "After all, isn't it getting a little pricey? I mean, why not, we can afford to breathe other kinds of air." I am suggesting to you that nationally, habitually, as a matter of unreflected behavior, our environment is being commodified. You are being invited, on a daily basis, artists and everyone else, to deal with it as if it has a cash price. It seems to me it is one of the metaphors we've really got to rethink as artists. In the realm of imagery and the power of suggestion, you've got to subvert the metaphors that are being thrust at you by corporate America.

One article here is the first public policy effort to take environmental integrity as a value that public policy should address. That's a different metaphor from that of the marketplace. Our current government is ripped apart on the horns of two different ways of valuing the ecosystem. It tends toward the environmental integrity end of things rather than the market collapse of things, but it often has to present articles and arguments to communities immersed in market valuation. Where are the artists in all of this? Are there any other metaphors that could be drawn upon?

One way is a perspective switch that can generate new metaphors, as in this example about economics and topsoil loss.

TW: An archaeologist of the future will look at this period, if the NAFTA accords go through, as one of accelerated soil erosion and plant genetic collapse. In a very short period of time, the cartels of the world, with the international grain companies, will have displaced 15 million Mexican peasants, who will either move to Mexico City or cross the border into California and Texas in search of jobs. Mexicans will be eating grain grown in the center part of the United States under fewer and fewer sustainable circumstances, requiring more petro subsidies and accelerated soil erosion. So, if you look at the geologic record 10,000 years hence, you will be able to date NAFTA just as they can date in the stratigraphic record the Chernobyl incident in the ice cores of Antarctica. Those kinds of transformations are going on, yet no one is looking at them. Why? Because there is no constituency for topsoil. Who stands up with a placard saying, "Save our Topsoil." A few groups in Washington do. But it isn't a matter of concern for the larger population because we are in a metaphorical frame that values things as good or bad in terms of GNP.

Rosenthal does not exactly concur:

RR: I would like to say something about air being a commodity. It is a real paradox. For so long air and other natural resources were considered as totally free. Then the parceling of land came, fences went up, commons were eradicated. Land buying and selling and owning land is such a strange concept to certain cultures (to those cultures at the time when the Europeans came into this country, for instance, where land belonged to everybody). It has been such a short time since the possession of land became something taken for granted. People would exploit the land, and when there were no longer any resources, they would move. They were in such small bands, if they depleted all the herds in a certain place, they would go somewhere else, and the herds that were depleted could have a chance to replenish themselves when the humans moved somewhere else. Of course, everything was free then.

The whole business of so many things being free is both good and bad. That is where the paradox lies. We've cavalierly ignored the actual cost, not in dollars, but the actual cost in life and in biota and in the richness of the soil, the richness of production from the soil. We have ignored that because we never really conceived there was a price to pay for exploiting these things. On the one hand, it is important to keep things such as air free, and on the other hand, once things have been so exploited and depleted, it may be a good idea to start putting a dollar price on them just to wake people up.

TW: That's an interesting problem: given that our culture seems to be headed towards greater and greater diffusion of market metaphors, should we avoid the use of market metaphors and therefore be left out of the utility that they might serve in preservation? That's really the question.

It doesn't work in the long run. It leads into a metaphorical trap and this is where I think we're in real danger, as a culture, of going under for a misplaced metaphor. Things aren't ultimately substitutable in biologic terms as they are in market terms. You can't ultimately just use price to equilibrate supply in an ecosystem because things are subsets of biologic process not subsets of supply and demand equations that you can manipulate with price.

The problem with giving every species a price is that you can't avoid the next question, which is, what is the optimum rate of extinction? That is the logic of economics. You'd ask, "If it's got a price, then can you do without it? and what can we substitute for it?" If asking the optimal rate of extinction is your metaphor for dealing with other species, you will come to say, "Well, we can afford to do without that, I don't need that, I can do without that." It's like the old adage about the farmer who got this feeding system for his horse down to a perfect system. He figured that he would attach the oat bag every day to his horse, but before the horse really got going, he would just take one oat away. The horse wouldn't notice the difference; what the hell, he's got a whole bag of oats. The trouble is that when he got the system perfected, took the last oat away, the damn horse up and died on him.

When you finally do away with all of those things we can optimally afford to get rid of, because we think we don't absolutely depend on them, you find out that the system doesn't work anymore. If such accountancy went on, you would see very quickly that the price mechanism would jack things up way out of reach in our current economy, and it may, therefore, be useful as a metaphor to get to sustainability. But it itself wouldn't guarantee sustainability because of the question of extinction. You would be always asking, "Well, can we do without?"

You would be making judgments on what Congress called imperfect market information. There is intricacy to an ecosystem. A keystone species is one whose presence guarantees the cycle of material and energy through a whole series of populations. Once removed, that cycle collapses and a whole series of populations become extinct. The way we usually discover a keystone species is when we have driven it into extinction and the system has collapsed. So, how do you value keystone species as opposed to other species, especially in a matrix where a species can become a keystone species as the climate changes? There is no real way to do it as fast as the ecosystem itself is changing.

So, I am tangentially in favor of market pricing or commodification of natural resources, but provisionally, and only on the way to some other form of valuation that has to transcend utility. There are things we are dependent upon that we can't even name yet, let alone value in a price system. That is why I am talking about Shakespeare's notion of giving a local habitation and a name to things.

Rachel Rosenthal's last word on accounting is :

RR: From the earth's point of view, we are still much too expensive. Maybe the earth can't afford us.

The discussion following included comments on John Cage's alternative optimism about the explosion of population numbers: "As we stand here, we have finally come to the point where we have more people alive on this planet than have ever lived, period." He added, "Isn't it wonderful that we have finally outnumbered the dead!"

Day 1: is similar to all days one although this time I don't cross state lines. Leave and drive detour: gallery. Relief art supplies overwhelming. I wander around helpful, but it is strange and dark here, more crammed. Richmond Bridge a thrill. Can't find turnoff. Call Announce. Recording. Standing at the gas station pay phone, I wonder if this is an omen. I arrive. Meet. Takes me to my building, kindly helps me unload. Set up move unpack. Can't get it to work. Finally. Push. All seems to work. The soft glow, comforting. The room is mostly in shade. Tall windows, not what we have in LA. I wait, go over. No one. No one. Mostly men discussion about dynamics. Artists ate welcome. Mardi on the pay phone outside my door. Heard in deep sleep it sounds like someone reciting poetry through the night.

Day 2: Mardi and Lenny fill me in on general housekeeping and the workings of 940. They both advise me not to be concerned if I sleep a lot the first week or so. They say everyone does.

Day 5: And most days. Up and make coffee with travel coffeemaker I keep in my room. Just as I am feeling more settled, Lenny leaves and bestows a kind of blessing on my residency. As much a last welcoming gesture as the beginning of his transition back to Philadelphia. Shakers recorded such events in their daily ledgers. People who left their community were considered "gone to the world."

Day 10: The first day of autumn & the monthly Artist's Potluck. The Moon is in Bread.

Day 15: I realize time is compressed here. I no sooner have morning coffee and come back from my walk than I look up and it is four p.m. and there are only a few hours to work before dinner. Mardi concurs.

Day 20: Mardi gone to the world.

Day 23: The next morning I read the footnote on page 181 of Mary Daly's autobiography, *Outercourse.**

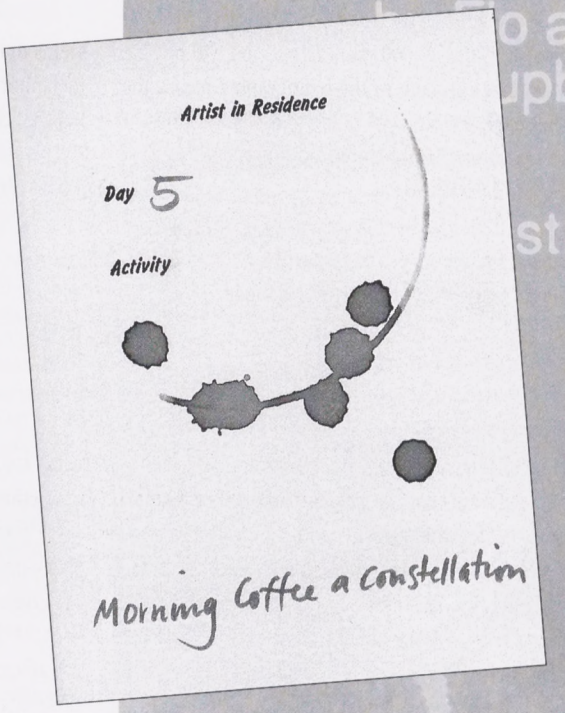
Day 31: Golden Gate Bridge obscured in fog, looks like Japanese print.

Day 35: Drive back to L.A. Brownout. Conditions difficult in the city. Gone to the world.

*According to *American Heritage,* pagan is derived from Late Latin paganus, meaning "civilian (i.e., not a soldier of Christ)" and from the Latin paganus, meaning "country-dweller." According to the *Wickedary,* Pagan means "a Background dweller: Heathen, Wholly Heretical Hag." N.B.: *Skeat's Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* explains that paganus means (1) a villager, (2) a pagan, because of the rustic people remained the longest unconverted.

Mary Daly, *Outercourse,* Harper, San Francisco, 1992

Susan E. King,
Artist-in-Residence,
Invited National



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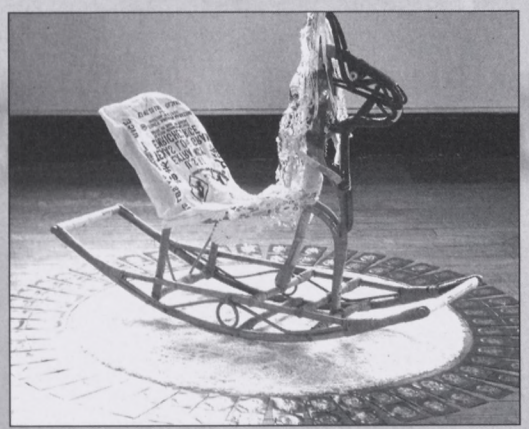
Florence Flo Oy Wong, Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area



Valentine's Day, 1994

Dear Headlands Journal,

On my arrival at Headlands I realized that for the last several years everything I was doing was driven by invitations, invitations based on things I had already done. I was no longer setting my own future agenda. Instead I was being sucked backwards into my past. Headlands allowed me to imagine the possibility of regaining control of my work, a return to the small number of large questions that animated my earliest thinking.

I have always been concerned about the whole of humanity: beggars, kings, cannibals, industrialists, tourists, peasants, and all their plants and animals and machines. I took these matters to heart in my earliest anthropological training and never abandoned them, ironically at just the instant that anthropology did abandon them. I cannot stop myself from continuing to ask embarrassing questions: what, if anything, does one sex owe another?; does the present owe the past?; how does the psyche that we desire for technology differ from the psyche that it actually possesses?; what kind of human subject will emerge from 'Postmodernity'?; and how are these matters actually manifest, how are they being worked out, in human interaction, in the dramas of everyday life?

For several years, my closest friends, my children and Juliet, had been gently encouraging me to return to these basic questions. But the University and its "business" kept getting in the way; it did not hold me back, but neither did it encourage me.

What a difference at Headlands! I found the resident artists, affiliates and the staff focused, but never narrowly, always opening, hard working, outgoing and fun to be with. For me, it was a humbling object lesson in responsibility for thinking and caring. One finds at Headlands, a unique closeness of ethical and aesthetic concerns. This closeness, like the friendships that are formed, is natural and unforced and does not follow pre-conceived, programmatic lines. I am convinced that it is the foundation for new directions for thinking about many things: our relations with one another, nature and the objects we make.

My "plan" for my stay was to continue to work on my book on Marilyn Monroe. I was interested in large-scale feminine figures; the Statue of Liberty, Marilyn, figures that our culture had not fully come to terms with, figures that might become the ground of a future human subject: Marilyn as a new "ego ideal," a paradoxical combination of absolute power and absolute vulnerability.

But that is not the way things happened. Fritzie Brown gave me a new piece of the Marilyn puzzle, her *Marilandia,* "Marilyn as Landscape," landscape as power and vulnerability. But there was something more from the very beginning. The piece I started and finished at Headlands is called *Tradition's Next Step.*

Headlands claims to support "collaborative experimentation," but it stops there, not saying about what. Let me suggest that it is collaborative experimentation in the production of new and viable human values. This work is occurring at a safe remove from stereotypical thinking and the new PC orthodoxy. It has a freshness that has not been present in the academic social sciences for almost 100 years. I think there is nothing more important to the health of the future human subject than these experiments.

While I was at Headlands I made the call to my Dean at the University and asked for my appointment to be transferred to the Department of Environmental Design and Landscape Architecture, where my new colleagues would also be involved in making experimental objects and new values. My transfer became official January 1, 1994.

Now I have started to write in collaboration with artists, not "about" artists, but standing with artists and artwork that can provide inspiration and guidance, pointing to the future subject, like the growing splinter of light from an opening door.

There are very few institutional settings anywhere in the world where doors can be opened that are really safe for creativity. In this respect, Headlands is a small miracle. Such institutional miracles don't "just happen." Everyone involved in the creation, protection and support of Headlands should be thanked for their tough, generous and brilliant work. But we can never thank them enough.

Dean MacCannell,
Artist-in-Residence,
Invited National

Grass Blown Around the Lagoon

The Headlands is not Norwegian Woods, nor what you thought. It is a place to reinvent. This reframing of the subject deals with my concern about our way of seeing and photography.

Jorge Vertiz, Artist-in-Residence, Mexico

To Dwell - Dwelling

Notes from my Journal
1993-94

February 15, 1993
Dwelling at Headlands Center for the Arts, much hiking and lingering at the beach.

March 1, 1993
A project - a response to the site and a sort of personal archeology. Breadmaking in the kitchen. The process of breadmaking is much like the process of community, it happens over time. Disparate elements (water-oil-yeast-flour-sugar-salt) are mixed together to create a whole. In communities, disparate elements (personalities-varying backgrounds-opinions-sensibilities) are brought together to create a whole. If the temperature is not right in breadmaking the yeast will not be activated, too warm and it will die, too cold and it will not grow. Communities don't just happen. They are the consequence.

March 1, 1993
Phase 1 — A bunker.

June 29, 1993
Phase 2 — A house.

August 1, 1993
A highway of ants has given the house a circulatory system, connecting it to this place.

September 12, 1993
Phase 3 — A brass house (the soul)

Brass bricks of hardware cloth, the proportions of which are derived from the Golden Mean and curiously enough are the same dimensions as the bread bricks.

January 10, 1994
Phase 4 — Deconstruction.

Sheila Ghidini,
Veronica di Rosa
Recipient,
Bay Area

Saxophonics: Language by Any Means
Lewis Jordan
Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area, 1992
October 10, 1993

"Necessary" is the implied word. We play the music because we have to. It is an artistic act, cultural and political. Most of us have no problem with the concept of freedom of speech, which is why I like to stress the synonymity of music and language. The music, too, must be free as it expresses meaning deep within us. And that pre-verbal meaning is the seed around which verbal communication grows. Speech is the verbal tip of the iceberg of expression which music melts into a universal healing balm.

With the two musicians I asked to join me, I was, as always, looking for people not bound to a particular style of performance. I wanted to use words, but not necessarily lyrics or prose, music, but not necessarily jazz, classical or avant garde. Charles Aston, medicine man (acupuncture, herbs and voice), was someone with whom I had worked on some unique unique performances since 1984. His classical training and theatrical background make him an exceptional interpreter for text, delivering a true voice in structured or improvisational contexts. I had known Lisle Ellis less than a year but had seen him perform for longer than that - most recently accompanying poetry, which solidified my appreciation of his range. Apart from his technique, I was impressed with his musical intensity and that he didn't shirk from the challenge of free music. And it is important to me to work with people who understand that "freedom" is work.

I imagined the range of our sonorities: the low, slow baritone notes, the bottom end of the alto clarinet and the bowed acoustic bass; the staccato in the alto saxophone's upper register, Lisle's rapid pizzicato and Charles' syllabic improvisations. The high tin ceilings in the Eastwing of 944 Fort Barry had already determined the necessity for an all-acoustic event.

Some of the pieces that we performed:

No Visible Means: The title comes from a quote from a landlord who thought I should move because I had "no visible means of support." The music was written about a year after (in the mid '70's). Later, came the words about looking, stumbling, not giving up and "finding the source that lights the path that you choose, knowing that you are the one who sings of your blues."

Ghosts: Lyrics to a song written by a personal hero, Albert Ayler - in Free Jazz, maybe the strongest saxophone voice. "Each note is like a childhood dream that lives and grows inside. Each sound is like a scream that lives to play outside. He growls and shouts and calls out loud for Spiritual Unity, Spirits Rejoice."

Ornithology Needs No Apology: This poem, written in the standard song form, AABA, recited over bass accompaniment and saxophone elaboration. An homage to Charlie Parker, using the reference point of his *Now's the Time,* like the *Hokey-Pokey.* The message of this piece and of Bird, to me, is that overcoming obstacles in society at-large and within himself, he went out on a limb with a new style of music - by putting his whole self in, "He dropped the okey-dokey and he turned the world around. That's what it's all about."

SUSTAINABILITY 2: *Reusing Space*

This section's talks discuss remaking urban spaces into livable, habitable places of amenity and economy, in contrast to their historic slide toward ecological degradation of their surroundings and the lives of those who dwell there. The artists' statements, images and events concern the ways this reconception also operates at the most intimate and psychological level.

City Future Tense
Peter Berg & Galen Cranz
April 18, 1993

Ann Chamberlain: *"City, Future Tense" explores rethinking cities in terms of sustainability. Cities provide the opportunities and audiences necessary for the arts and culture to flourish. Yet, historically, cities have caused major ecological disasters to their surroundings. Rome despoiled the Mediterranean; founding San Francisco irreversibly altered the flora and fauna of the Bay Area. Giant redwood forests east of Mount Tamalpais, in the Corte Madera area, were leveled to build the Presidio; the Miwok living in Southern Marin were driven to virtual extinction. Rather than sites of creativity, cities are, ecologically, sores or cancers on the surface of the earth. Must what Tim Weiskel calls "the secular city and the sacred earth" — the world of human artifice and technological achievement on the one hand, and on the other, natural biogeochemical processes that sustain us — continue in unresolved opposition? To imagine the city of the future, we must begin thinking of the city as a natural process, recovering a relationship to processes we have relinquished to technology and to efficiency.*

Peter Berg is the founder of Planet Drum Foundation and an ecology activist. He co-authored *A Green City Program for the San Francisco Bay Area and Beyond.*

Galen Cranz is an architectural sociologist at the University of California at Berkeley. She is author of *The Politics of Park Design,* MIT Press.

GC: We have to tame industrialization, and reform it along biological lines. We're not going back to a hunter/gatherer society. Industrialization can't be reversed; it has to be transcended by incorporating it and putting it inside a larger and better framework. Biological processes provide us with that framework. What is industrialization? A lot of it is the built environment: freeways; factories; houses; offices; hospitals. Architect Randy Croxton in New York figured out that 70 percent of the energy we use comes through the building process (materials plus the thirty years the building will be funnelling energy and resources through it). Cities must be dense in order to save farm land, to stop sprawl, but dense cities have to function at very high levels of economy and amenity.

Husbanding the natural environment will become one thing that people have in common for building community. The southern-most affluent suburb of Chicago wanted a "New American Green," a park for the 21st century on a funny-shaped site, part of an old nursery, which was once a farm; the farm buildings had to be kept. My co-author/designer, David Robinson, and I, concerned about our future on earth, said, "Let's take recycling as a basis for community building." We turned the old barn and the outbuildings on the farm into a recycling center. Since 19 percent of the municipal waste in most cities is simply yard waste (grass clippings, leaves and branches), we decided to have Earth Works, with mounds of black earth from the surrounding communities' yard waste. As parking diminished over the years, the Earth Works would expand. This scheme was criticized. Grady Clay, editor of *Landscape Magazine,* describing all the entries, said he was surprised by the spate of ecologically-oriented schemes: "There was even one tail-wagging-the-dog scheme that used recycling as the basis for community building." Why did Clay call ours a "tail wagging the dog" scheme? Because he thinks communities exist already and that resource husbandry, and waste management in particular, are a by-product of a community. That's the tail. He thinks the community is the dog. I don't believe we have community. Resource husbandry provides the first real hope for significant community we have had in a hundred years. Caring about the same thing together will be the first new way of crossing racial, ethnic, age, gender and class lines, because we all live on the earth together. I think this is a reasonable way to create community.

We have to eliminate the concept of waste. There is only material that is out of place. Once you find the right place for a so-called waste product, then it is a resource, an input for another system. Density isn't the problem. It's how you manage so-called waste, our by-products. You can live at very high levels of density if you also live at very high levels of amenity, with very fine integration of systems. My conclusions are: One: Integrate land, air, water and energy, and start thinking about how all of those systems intersect with one another. Two: Create community though sustainability rather than vice-versa. Three: Big cities must become ecological, not the rural areas. Four: Integrate land, building and infrastructure. Five: Sustainability has to be equitable. In the short run, we imagine we can be non-equitable, with the north exploiting the resources of the south, the rich making sure that the toxic waste dumps end up in poor neighborhoods. But in the long run, there is no such thing as inequity because the destruction of the south or poor neighborhoods will eventually suck down the rich, and they, too, will die. Six: All of these have to be applied in context, so that each is site-specific, making these generalizations nearly unrecognizable in these general terms.

PB: A couple of years ago, people in downtown office buildings began noticing puffs of feathers outside the windows. They'd be talking about the bottom line, and look up, and a burst of feathers would appear. These are peregrine falcons hunting pigeons in downtown San Francisco. They are using the tops of buildings as hunting platforms. These creatures can dive close to 200 miles an hour. They are up on these high office buildings, hitting pigeons, and then bringing them back up to the tops of the buildings. The building they prefer to hunt from is called the Mutual Benefit Life Building. It's as though they can read better than people can. The male likes to hunt off the "B" and the female off the "M." They stay away from each other, because at 200 miles an hour, you could have a serious collision.

That is a beautiful ecosystem: retired people feeding pigeons, pigeons lumbering into the air, peregrine falcons diving down for a completely adequate diet. Until the Loma Prieta earth-

quake, I thought they lived on top of the buildings. The roof of an office building is a lot like the peregrine falcon native habitat. Nothing is going to come behind you. A straight drop ahead is like a canyon wall. But these birds actually live on the East Bay Bridge, behind the first stanchion from Treasure Island coming towards San Francisco, in the girders underneath. When the bridge closed to traffic there was nothing moving there and you could very clearly see these birds flying around the stanchion. Not only had they turned the urban environment into their native habitat, they commute to work. In this holistic story, the falcons are a beautiful image for us, a symbol of a future bioregional green city, an image that perhaps people can latch onto as even a source of human identity; I prefer it to a human image.

To put cities in an ecological context, we must talk about a bioregion. This work of art by Arthur Okamura is a bioregional artifact, done for a book called *Reinhabiting the Separate Country: A Bioregional Anthology of Northern California.* Arthur is a third generation Northern Californian. He made this map to look like his idea of Northern California. Northern California, in fact, is a wet desert half of the year. Its bioregion is called "Shasta," for the mountain at the top of the Sacramento River watershed, the main arterial system of the Northern California body. That's our bioregion. Poets and ecologists already call it Shasta; it will be called the Shasta Bioregion in the future.

Characteristics of a bioregion: watersheds in common; soils in common; land forms; climate; native plants and animals; and the ideas that people have about living in that place for a long period of time, the sustainable human culture that has been developed or is developing in that bioregion. A bioregion is a geographic area and a terrain of consciousness at the same time. I think of it as a cultural idea, not just a natural sciences idea.

People have never lived in cities particularly well. It may come as a shock, because one thinks of cities as being places where art is created, as having cultural diversity, as being, well, cosmopolitan, centers for creativity and gourmet food and all that. In

fact, the longest history of cities is that they have destroyed their bases of support. There are as many ruined culturally classic cities on the planet as there are extant ones. Angkor Wat is a gorgeous city, and there is nobody living there. Yucatan is full of gorgeous cities, and all of the people left a long time ago. The tendency of cities is either to be abandoned after they destroy their land base, their bioregion, or to begin exploiting other places in order to continue to survive. But the biosphere is a limited prospect. There are no more frontiers, no more untouched wilderness areas, no place else to go. Don't move to Hawaii; don't move.

Seventy-five percent of human beings in North America, South America, Europe and Australia, live in cities and towns of 25,000 people or more. By the year 2000, 50 percent or more of the people on the planet will live in cities and towns. For the first time, our species will be a majority urban dwelling element in the planetary biosphere. African and Chinese populations are still mainly on the land. Within the next seven years, 50 percent of them will live in cities and towns.

Infrastructures are currently collapsing in cities. New York City now admits that it cannot overhaul its water system. Western cities are completely overextended in terms of water. Tucson, Arizona has a fossil water system. Like oil, it's going to run out. The aquifer doesn't recharge. When people from the northeast moved into Tucson and started growing English lawns in the Sonora Desert, the Chamber of Commerce issued a brochure saying, "You're not living where you used to live anymore. You're in the Sonora Desert now. We have saguaro cactus. . . . A good Tucson lawn has a lot of sand."

With infrastructures overextended, there has to be a different idea of what a city is and what city people do. Many times in human history, city dwelling has been something else than simply supplying the needs of the population. It was something conceptually. In *The City of God,* by Marcus Aurelius, a city was a spiritual concept. The Forbidden City in Peking, or Kyoto and Mecca as holy cities are not saying, "I'm going to give you all the water you want, all the food you want, all the energy you want, and I am going to get you where you want to go fast." They're saying the city represents something else.

I suggest the ecological city, the green city, is the image that we could have for our future. Palatable for the residents and conceivable for municipal governments; they should begin thinking about ecological coherence as the main subject of governance.

The sustainable city has to fit into the natural systems and cycles that provide the resources in the first place. You have to put the city back into the bioregion in your mind, to put San Francisco, San Rafael, Sacramento, back into the Shasta Bioregion. We have to think of them as existing within a system of natural cycles, ecosystems, that ultimately support them.

First: restore and maintain natural systems. Put the fish back in the rivers, put the forest back, put the soil back, clean up the air. Restore and maintain natural systems. Next: find sustainable ways, in harmony with natural systems, of fulfilling basic human needs — food, water, energy, materials and culture. Culture. Education. There should be bioregional studies, K through 12. People usually study someplace that isn't where they live. They are discouraged from learning about the place where they live as if that is provincial (it makes them unusable for some multi-national corporation). Last: support the work of reinhabitation. Reinhabitation means becoming native to the place where you live again.

If you're going to live in a city, think in biological terms: interdependence. Don't use a product without knowing where it came from, where it is going, what it represents to you, whether it is native or not. Diversity is better than monoculture. (When everything is the same, any slight difference can bring it all down; with a lot of different things there are reservoirs for bringing native species back from an ecological accident or catastrophe). Self-regulation: things are better when they regulate themselves. Long-term stability: make decisions in terms of what will be best in the long run, not what is most immediately efficacious.

The Planet Drum Foundation put together a green city program from what groups were already doing. It brought together about 150 groups that were working on urban sustainability in the Bay Area. The result was a book titled, *A Green City Program for the San Francisco Bay Area and Beyond.* If all the positive things people are currently doing are done in one place at the same time, you would have something close to ecotopia. Northern California is a breeding ground for ideas like:

Urban planting: tear up one lane of all city streets, reduce cars, make all the streets one way, and put in riparian vegetation, put back creeks, or put in community gardens or orchards instead, so that you have something like wildlife corridors going through the city. Smart transportation: Develop shuttle services for everything, "point-to-point transportation." Somebody is going to get this idea: you pick up the telephone and you say, "I want to go here, there, and then I want to come home." They pick you up, take you to all of those places, you ride with another communal group of people from your neighborhood and they charge you a buck for it - in an electric van. This goes with creating urban wild habitats: We should have wildlife corridors with streets lifted up for wildlife to run under.

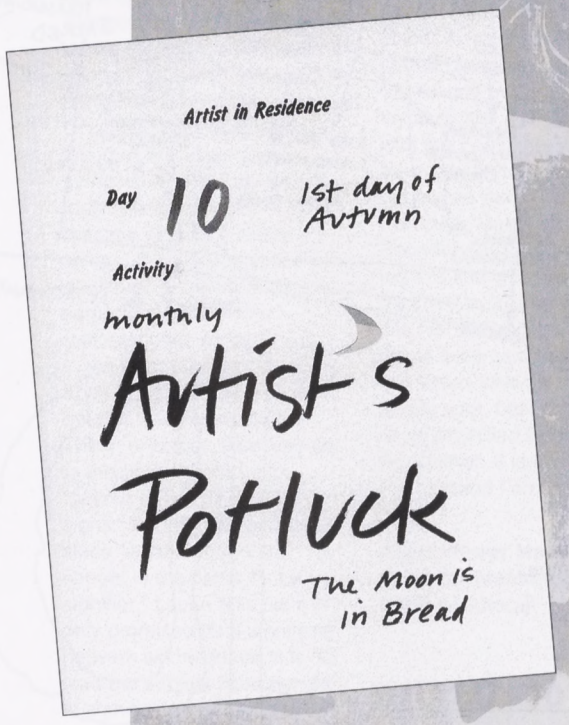
Sustainable planning: people become part of the planning process, make plans for what they actually want their neighborhood to be like in 25 years. Renewable energy: city governments decide to retrofit all the libraries, hospitals, office buildings, jails, fire departments for renewable energy, not just to save energy but to show that their heart's in the right place, like affirmative action. Neighborhood character and empowerment: devolve tax money to neighborhoods for everything from justice to communication. It would be nice if my neighborhood, Noe Valley in San Francisco, had its own radio station.

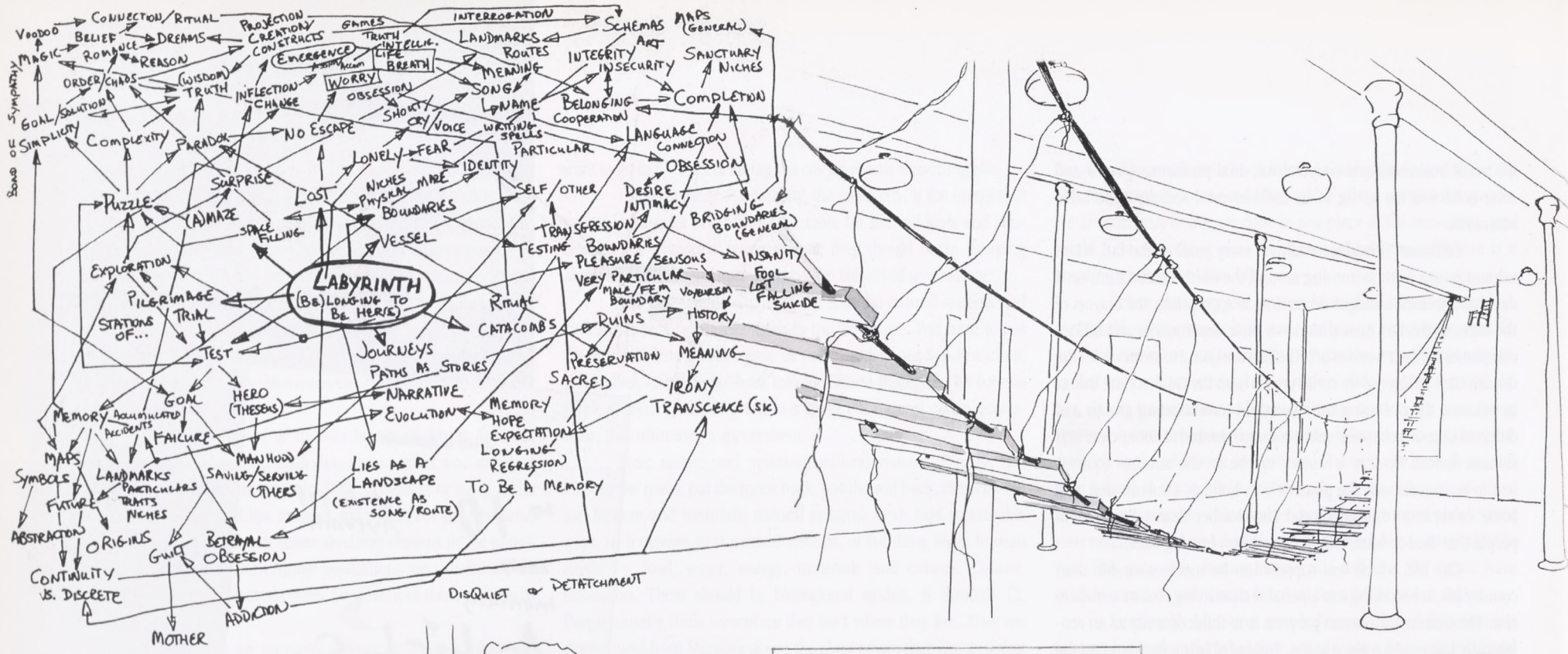
Recycling and reuse: when we flush our toilets with water that might be from the snow melt off the Sierra Nevada, it's the equivalent of taking Evian bottles and upending them into the toilet. If we used shower or sink water, we could save 75 percent of the water we currently use. Dual plumbing systems inside every house with filters, pumps, etc., would reuse the water. Do you know that this is currently illegal in San Francisco? Fresh water should be used only for cooking, washing clothes and ourselves. Socially responsi-

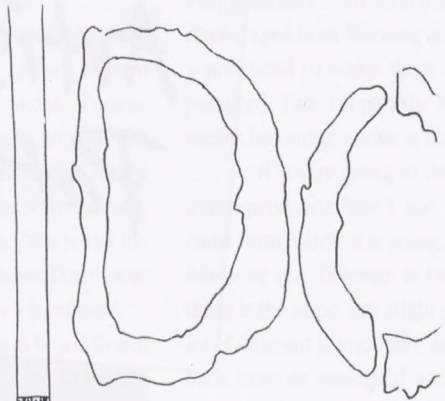
ble small businesses and cooperatives, dual plumbing systems and solar collectors are going to be built by new, socially-responsible businesses.

Celebrate "life place vitality:" every year, in the fall, when salmon return from swimming around the north Pacific Rim, on a day that a marine biologist determines is appropriate, the mayors of the cities in the Bay Area shut down their departments and offices, companies let their workers off. The fish are going to swim under the Golden Gate Bridge, so we could go out onto the Golden Gate Bridge to welcome them. During this, we would have dancing groups and different salmon costumes, salmon songs, smoked salmon to eat and salmon dances. Do this at sunset, maybe on the autumn equinox just to be in tune with the planet's own holiday. I submit that as a better celebration than Memorial Day. Rather than talking about people that died in wars, talk about salmon coming back.

City life, which was supposed to be more amenable than country life, is becoming less amenable than living almost anywhere else. The frontier for human progress is to think of a city as an ecologically harmonious place to live. Instead of being the blight on the planet that it is now, the city could become the place from which springs a vision of all of us living together as a continuous species in the planetary biosphere. That's the identity I want. Rather than being a citizen of San Francisco, in the State of California, in the United States of America, in the so-called "Free World," I prefer to think of myself as a member of the human species, reinhabiting the estuary of San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento River, in the Shasta Bioregion of the North Pacific Rim of the Pacific Basin in the planetary biosphere in the universe.

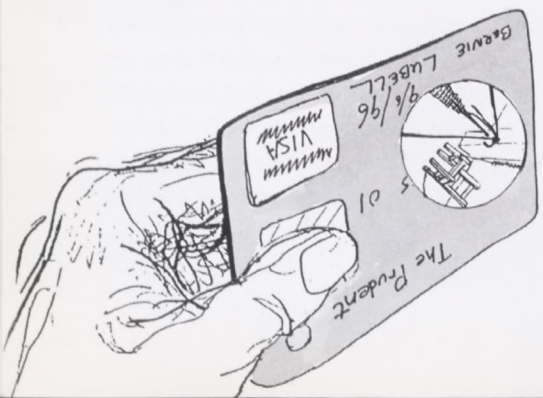






Bernie Lubell,
Artist-in-Residence,
Bay Area

Niche of Desire



THE NICHE OF DESIRE

If words are the names of places in our minds perhaps you could trace a route from where you are now to heaven by circling the word which best describes where you are now and drawing lines from word to word until you get to your word for heaven and then draw a box around that word. For example:

NOW — BEING — BELONGING
BOWLING — BECOMING — HEAVEN

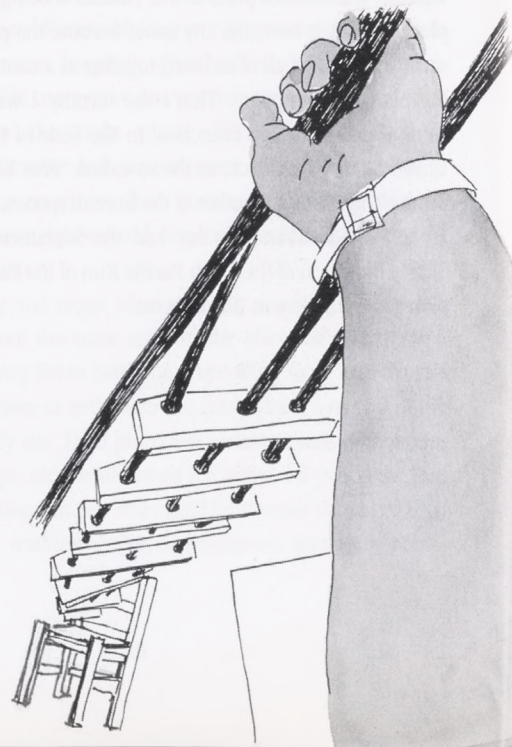
Please feel free to add any words you find necessary.

PUZZLE	BELIEF	DREAMS	MAGIC
WORRY	ADDICTION	MEMORY	LONGING
FAILURE	LIES	PASSION	OBSESSION
FEAR	BETRAYAL	GUILT	BREATH
VOYEURISM	STORY	IRONY	IDENTITY
INSANITY	ESCAPE	DESIRE	BELONGING
WONDER	CHAIR	FORGETTING	LOVE
TRIAL	ACCIDENTS	REGRESSION	SONG
BIRD	SURPRISE	MEANING	CORNER

I would also appreciate it if you could answer the following:
AGE____ SEX____

Lubell 1993

Bernie Lubell



940/944 Changing Discourses

my heart was in
my writing

I thought

head
    lands
would catch it

out
not
inside

slipped off
site
seeing

Breath caught
up in light
expanding

Too big to be told
to come back in now

I can do
Nothing
with it.

maybe make it say
Something Else

    not war,
        mes amours

Love Outside the Limits of the Law

Love opens where the Symbolic chain is broken down, revealing something unsayable, even transcendent that escapes its range. Or something poetic. Words diverted from their purely symbolic — militantly meaningless arrangement — become objects in themselves, the working space of a culture, "a demand for something else which, metonymized, spreads out in the gap" *(Lacan, Ethics).* They bring us, broken down, eyeball to eyeball with the Thing: or rather, they lead us to the point where we "search to find Things in signs." An impossible quest, since "what is found is sought in the paths of the signifier," Lacan tells us; it is only promised by a signifying network whose function is "to lead the subject from signifier to signifier, by generating as many signifiers as are required to maintain at as low a level as possible the tension that regulates the whole functioning of the psychic apparatus."

I see Bernie Lubell's flow chart for his installation, "Niche of Desire" as similar to Lacan: Note Lubell's special place, the void (or labyrinth) created near the center by the flowing of the terms. This vacancy has something to do with the Feminine Thing we have sought for in signs. Lubell has paths from "Very Particular Male/Female Boundary" to "Desire," crossing this line with one from "Mother" to "Completion." But it is his "Landscape as Lies" (what "Lies as a Landscape") that drops straight from the empty spot, between the limits of unfulfilled Desire and the Mother. It is this uncommon ground I am calling "Love."

Juliet Flower MacCannell, Artist-in-Residence, Invited National

Muse

The labyrinth started by a longing for the muse. I have moved inside this longing, inside someone else's fantasy.

My drama I haven't found. I see only how to get out of cool sheets, how to sit up straight and breathe at the computer, how to make delicious stew. I make large issues manageable. I mean, my sister died but I broke it down into little bite sized pieces and, although I frequently had indigestion, I managed.

My mother cries in another city in the far north. She talks in large dramas but claims nothing for herself aloud. She wants only not to be visited in dreams by the major characters in her tragedies. She wants to eat her potatoes for dinner and her mints for lunch.

I must develop my own drama. Otherwise, I'm a fly caught in sticky paste that my eye can't see. Someone weaves the web with dreams from another bubble. In the end I will be stuck in place and watch the maze walls fill up with dense frescoes, shrines in every niche, statues in every wayside grotto, none of which I ordered.

Maze

What is the best way to approach a labyrinth in the fog?

Very carefully. And with no expectations. Tread alertly, with one's toes, one's hands, one's fingertips. Use the nose as a touchstone. Ears are next to useless in the fog. And cries come only at the end after one has stepped off the cliff.

Labyrinths and labia are similar.

Approach a labyrinth completely involved, dedicated to finishing and obsessed with the process, all senses paranoid, one step in front of the other. Microscopically examine each granite pore, each scarlet pimpernel, each monster pea plant. Be as still as a snake in the sun, just run off its path into the nearest weed, so that you will not scare any buck or doe or child, any skunk, any tall eared jackrabbit, any turkey vulture, or any quail. Be prepared for transcendence.

Lined territory, dotted or solid, is preferable to unmapped terrain but there are dangers. Do not trust a straight line, or even a crooked one, overly much. Though not human, they lie. Do not rely too much on lines. You will trip or find yourself in another valley.

Voyeurism

One must either engage in one's life or watch another's.

J is the most voyeuristic person I know. Her profession was social work where she looked into other people's lives and watched what they did. She advised them on what to do, but mostly she listened and watched.

She looked too lovely to sully with her curly wild hair and her very slight anorexic body, and her clothes, always miles too large, camouflaging her body. Too fragile. She would break even in a mirror. She wants to be as insubstantial as possible and as visible as possible. Small and light as a bird that needs nothing to sustain itself she uses the fabric for a cover as she watches the world from inside.

At dusk, through the streets where neighbors leave their blinds open, she walks to their windows and peers in. J doesn't break in but she hungers for other people's lives. She is hungry, literally. She won't spend money on food, nor will she eat too much at one time. She gazes long and longingly and lovingly at your food. Eventually you relent and ask her if she would like a taste. She would. She eats half or she spends the meal gazing at your plate. She wears white gloves.

She loves movies. Her eyes are 20/20. She wishes she had to wear glasses because they would be extra lenses to help her see more. She wears white gloves. She bought a big screen television when it first came on the market.

She met a writer who is a taxi cab driver. He takes her around in the taxicab and they listen to other people's lives, he to write about them, she to watch.

She poses when she watches.

When she was growing up her parents videoed them. One scene. Her sister is younger. The parents and rest of the family leave her behind and drive off. They take a picture of her crying for them to come back.

Mardith Louisell,
Artist-in-Residence,
Minnesota

Will Stokes,
Artist-in-Residence,
Philadelphia

Excerpts from What's Called Love:
A Real Romance
Jim Paul
Artist-in-Residence, Bay Area, 1987
June 6, 1993

In Palestine, there had always been the *Song of Songs,* the ancient love poem that eventually found its way into the Bible. The *Songs* seem to have given a name to love forever, or at any rate since human beings had set down the names for things. As a young man, Akiba ben Joseph had those words for love, when, among animals in the wilderness, he considered his beloved Rachel.

A rich man's daughter, Rachel was beyond him. Akiba was born into the peasant class called the Amme haarez, the ordinary people of the land. As such, Akiba was an illiterate outsider, a peasant in a society run by the scholars, the high priests and the rich, all of whom he resented. Scholars especially aroused his ire: "If I had a scholar in my power," he said later of his youth, "I'd maul him like an ass." Still, he had little choice in life, and hired himself out to Kalba Shebu'a, one of the richest men in Jerusalem. Akiba went meekly to his master each dawn, walking into the walled city and going to the man's house to take charge of his flock. He drove the sheep back out the city's gate and stood over them all day in the flinty hills above the town. He probably filled the time with idle plans and nourished that dark hope of the disenfranchised, that when chaos came, it would bring a windfall.

Akiba's ancient people knew that chaos would come. The Amme haarez had seen everything, twice. They'd seen the rich arrive and leave, rise and fall. When Moses led his people into Judah, he found the Amme haarez there already. They were immemorial in Palestine, descending in thousands of generations before histories ever came to be written. They came late to Yahweh. Before the arrival of this new god, they had worshipped generation itself in form of the goddess Astarte, she whose name meant both womb and what comes from it, and her brother Baal, whose name meant to possess by sex. The Amme haarez married their sons and daughters simply by singing the *Song of Songs.* But if the *Song of Songs* is subversive, erotic, fertile, female, how did it finally come down to us in the *Bible,* the document of Israel and Jehovah?

"Thy love is better than wine," sings a voice in the *Songs.* And this: "If a man offer all the wealth of his house for love, it would be utterly scorned." And simply this: "Love is stronger than death."

These were the words Akiba would have heard, the way he would have had to think of Rachel, his patron's daughter, auburn-haired, perfumed with myrrh. I see her, as if in a Pre-Raphaelite painting, at her window or at the well or emerging from a darkened archway, and imagine that one glimpse might suffice to make him forget himself all day, to inspire him to recall her there in the desert, in the words of the *Song of Songs.*

But all this we can only imagine. How he proceeded with Rachel, how he turned their glances into words; how he arranged to be alone with her, to touch her; these are not recorded. We know that he was an ambitious man, large-boned, forceful and according to legend so smart he could turn the rage of his class into wit and make his superiors laugh even as he upbraided them; these powers he must have poured into persuading Rachel.

The legend, preserved by the rabbis, also records her father's reaction. When he found his daughter with his hired man, Kalba Shebu'a was enraged, and when Rachel agreed to marry Akiba, he disinherited her. Still, she chose Akiba, raised her desire for him over the whole society that bound them, and to his astonishment and delight, they wed, married by the words of the *Song of Songs.*

When she and Akiba were forced to take up the life of the Amme haarez above Jerusalem, Israel's old catastrophe, the destruction of the nation and the scattering of the Jews, was about to recur. By then the unanimity among the Jewish ruling classes had dissolved, and the Romans had taken advantage of the situation to extend their Empire. The nation lurched toward the cataclysm that would destroy it. Again, the Amme haarez would look on, left out.

Akiba and Rachel were safe, if poor, among them. That winter, report the commentators, she had to sell her hair to buy food. Together at night, their breath misted the clear air, while in the valley below, the city sparkled like foil around the Mount with its jewelbox temple. "If I could," he told her, according to the legend, "I'd give you a Jerusalem of gold." But he could not.

One night a ragged, filthy mortal, actually the angel Elijah in disguise, pounded on their door. "Straw!" he cried. "My wife is giving birth, and she must lie upon the bare ground! Give me your straw!" Straw they had, though it was all they had. Still Akiba without hesitation bid the beggar to take it. Left alone again in their empty room, Akiba exulted. "See!" he said to his wife. "Here is a man who lacks even straw."

Perhaps there was a pause, as Rachel considered her response — she who had cropped her hair off for them. "Go," she said at last. "Become a scholar."

Of course he refused. He'd always hated scholars, with their scribbling and their judgments. To learn to read was, in one sense, to betray his people and his past.

[But] Rachel's words, "Become a scholar," proved their deliverance. Scholarship thereafter was the path to power. There was little other distinction after the leveling war, and there was great work to be done. The destruction of Jerusalem enhanced the importance of the Jewish academies, as they became the chief remaining institutions in the country. Here, and not on the battlefield would the fate of the Jews be decided.

So, at nearly forty years of age, he began studying the Hebrew alphabet with his son. As they learned one character at a time, they proceeded as if into a vast city of letters, where all that he knew and felt would take a particular finite form, and where the future — for him and for Rachel, for the nation and for the *Song of Songs* - would lie.

SUSTAINABILITY 3: *Recycling Conceptual Space*

This section's talk deals with recycling as a physical material and also as an aesthetic and conceptual activity. Returning and restoring matter to its proper home also sets the stage for new ideas and events to take place yet again. The artists' statements, images and events focus on the delicate, crossover moment when the things we have used and are used to are renewed and revivified by the careful husbanding of what has gone before.

Talking Trash
Joe Garbarino & Mierle Ukeles
December 5, 1993

Joe Garbarino is an avid recycling activist and the Director of the renowned Marin Recycling Center in San Rafael. This multimillion dollar complex is recycling more of the refuse it receives than any other recycling center in the United States.

Mierle Laderman Ukeles is an artist who has been collaborating with the New York Department of Sanitation for 15 years. She has created performances, installations and publications which have dramatically changed public perception both of the nature of trash and our collective responsibility for it, as well as our attitude to those workers who treat our garbage.

JG: Recycling is not something new in my world, because when I worked for the company my dad helped found in the city, the Scavengers Protection Association, 660 Chestnut Street in North Beach, we were very, very successful. We left at four in the morning. We parked under a street lamp, four to a truck. Three guys carried into the truck, and one person sorted. We went from street lamp to street lamp until daylight. Basically we went house to house and walked up the seven steps into heaven. Heaven is when you unloaded that thing off your back. We went into the tenements of North Beach, went down to the basements, up the back stairs, got top can, middle can, lower can, and packed it out on our backs and dumped it into the truck. It was a lot of hard work in those days. The fourth person worked in the truck and was chained in with ropes. All the paper would hang down along the back. The bottles, cans and paper were wrapped across the front, and periodically, a truck came along and took these things away and put new ones on. Every item made out of paper, every bottle, can and rag, even eyeglasses were all sold. There was very little but gook that went to the landfill.

Today in Marin, we're recycling about half the waste that we collect. The real problem material that we can't recycle supposedly

The complex we work in is an indoor dump the size of three football fields under one roof. That is what my everyday looks like. It might be funny to you, but it is my bread and butter, and I love it. I love the smells. I love the idea that I am doing something that everybody else is only talking about.

accounts for about 6 percent of what we collect, but it's a lot more than that. I estimate that 20 percent of the collected material is plastic, and there is nothing you can do with plastic. Everything else, paper, yard waste, food waste, tons of glass and metals is pulled out and recycled. My company is really a mobile recycling center, although I didn't understand that when I started back in '48 in San Francisco.

In 1980, we were forced to abandon the system of using open trucks. We had to go to compactor trucks. And we gave up on recycling. They forced us to close the trucks up, which made picking impossible. If you can't pick, you can't get the recyclable material out. So we soon came up with a different type of truck, and gave all our customers two buckets, one for bottles, one for cans, and asked them to put their paper products, including flattened cardboard, magazines and newspaper, on the curb. When we started in 1981, we collected two million pounds in Marin County. Last year, we collected 93 million pounds of bottles, cans and papers in a community of just over 200,000 people. So, 80/85 percent of the people are recycling every week. It is a very successful program.

The complex we work in is an indoor dump the size of three football fields under one roof. That is what my everyday looks like. It might be funny to you, but it is my bread and butter, and I love it. I love the smells. I love the idea that I am doing something that everybody else is only talking about. In my indoor dump, not only does the public come in with about 500 vehicles a day, 7 days a week, we dump all of our debris boxes in it. From this waste stream here, I am recycling 70 to 72 percent each month. No other city or county anywhere in the United States can make a claim that they are recycling up to 72 percent each and every month. About 30 percent will go to the landfill; 70 percent will be sold as different products. I used to take 31 transports a night to the landfill, 18-wheelers. Now, we're taking 15 and 16. That's how much I have reduced the waste in Marin County.

We collect all of the wood, all of the brush in the county, and each one of our 32,000 residences has a green bin for yard waste. We

get the yard waste, grind it up, and sell it for fuel mixed with wood. We grind everything to the size of about a silver dollar. Then we've got a belt that takes out all of the door hinges and nails, and we recycle all of those. We recycle the dust in the building with two 57 foot high vacuum cleaners, and then shake out all the finds and use the sawdust for composting material.

Each ton of yard waste and wood waste is the equivalent of 2.6 barrels of oil. If we did this nationwide, if we didn't have presidents that were tied to oil, we would never, ever have to drill another hole in the ground, off shore, on shore or in any other place in these United States, and we wouldn't need any imports. But the fact of the matter is that money and greed rule, and we continue to drill for new resources rather than consume the resources that we bury.

Plastic is the big problem. All you can see at times in the sorting process is a sea of plastic. We have to let it flow right through. But the good news is, our green bins have eliminated millions of plastic bags used for yard waste and all of the rest of it. We bale the plastic and have accumulated bales and bales of plastic bags that cannot be sold. No matter what you see on television, no plastic bags are being recycled in the state of California. The plastic bag goes to a landfill indefinitely. A thousand years from now, that plastic bag will still be there.

Today, San Francisco Sanitation is hauling their garbage all the way out to Avalon and filling a huge, huge canyon. A truck goes out, the trailer goes up in the air, dumps it all out. It is absolutely monumental. And I guess we'll be able to dump there for years and years, rather than implement full-scale recycling, rather than tell the people that make this stuff that they're going to have to buy it back, rather than cut the packaging down by a third. And that is where we, the people, are going to have to stand up and make a difference. We've got to change the practices. The state has mandated that 25 percent of our waste be recycled by 1995. Well, why don't they mandate the use of paper bags that are biodegradable. We can shake the bags out and reuse them, and avoid using plastic. When you mention this to the state, it's like talking to a wall. Nobody pays any attention.

"You know, Joe, there is a problem with your machine, this stuff is coming out too green." "Well, give me a couple weeks," I said, "and I will check the machinery out." So I went to the auction houses in Sonoma County and bought 200 goats. Now I've got 400 goats and 250 pigs. All of them are in the recycling business with me. All take part in what we do. The pigs eat the food, the goats eat the leaves, and by eating the leaves, they eat the moisture, and when there is no moisture, this is all bone dry, so you get more money for it. As soon as a truck hits the floor with a load, these goats and the pigs annihilate it. The pigs tear it all up and then the goats can get to the bottom of the pile, and in three days there isn't a green leaf left.

Try to imagine this room just as it is, double in size. Now, tomorrow morning, I will ship half of this to the landfill and a room this size alone full of newspapers to the Far East. Half the room full of cardboard to the Far East and the other half of the room will be glass bottles going to a glass plant. And the next day, there is going to be an equal amount. And it keeps adding and adding and adding. With the garbage that I get rid of six nights a week, and six days a week, we get rid of all of the recyclable materials. So, I don't have much time to visualize what's in an artist's mind. I am sure it is creative. But they are trying to do things that I frankly don't see. I see that the people have cooperated, have separated, and this is not just talking about the yard waste, because we have enough yard waste to fill half this room every day too, compacted, and just from curbside green bins. So, I have to collect it, separate it and ship it. I've got to do it right away because I don't have the facility to hold it for very long. I've got to maintain the market for it to keep shipping it. So, that's where I come from. But if there are other things that I can do, I am always open, and we will just keep trying to do things.

MU: It's a very great honor to be here at Headlands. And it's also a very great honor to share some space and time with Joe Garbarino. I am the artist-in-residence of the New York City Department of Sanitation. I want to focus today on the notion of materiality itself.

The notion of continuity is the notion of a much higher level of relationship to the material world than the one that we feel we possess. We take from the earth, we form it to our needs, we possess it. When we don't want it any more, we throw it out as if it doesn't exist anymore. If we lose our desire for it, it loses its meaning. We have our own passage through life, and materials have their own varying times of passage. To me, the great job of our time on earth, one of the great jobs, which I think we are just at the very, very beginning of learning, is how to pass through materials, learn to form them, but in the forming, we have to build in, as Joe said, the unforming, the recycling capability, so that we don't poison the

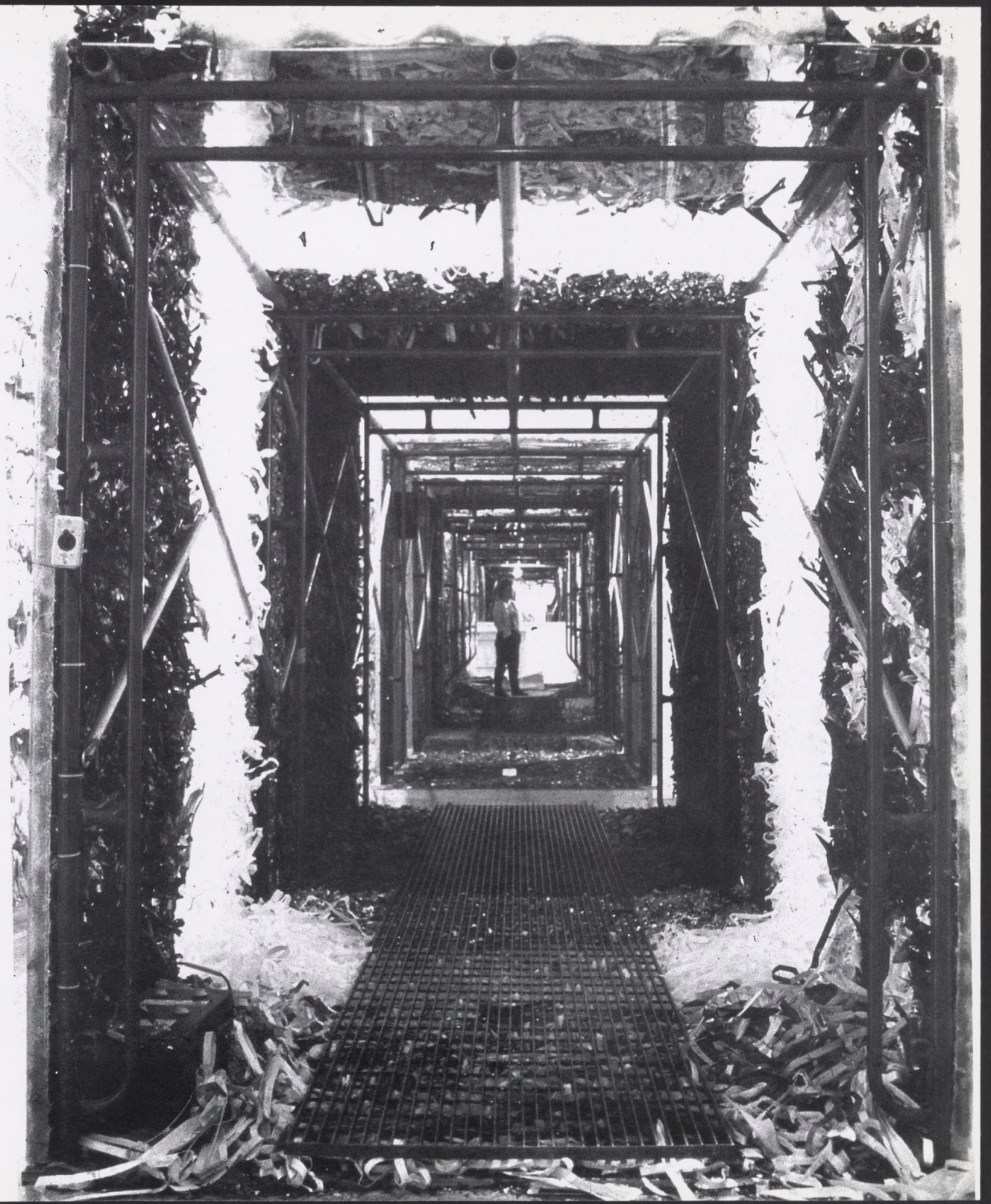
In Soho in 1973 I washed the street as art for five hours. I never hit the surface of the sidewalk, even after washing for five hours. Something happened to me during this performance work that actually changed my life. I was washing and washing. The sidewalk was extremely dirty. I was running out of my materials, which were rags, and I really didn't know what I was going to do because I wasn't nearly through the five hours that I said I was going to wash as art. Suddenly a man walked across the street. He was a super from a building across the street. He didn't say to me,"What are you doing? This is so weird. Why do you call this art? What is this all about?" He saw that I was in need, that I needed rags, so he came across the street bearing this gift, this great big pile of rags. He walked right smack into my art work and he said, "Here." And ever since that time, I have made art with other people.

material or destroy the material, but form it with a wisdom built into it that lets it go, lets it disassemble and then frees it for its next circle around.

The subject is us and our relationship to the material world, our passage from birth to death without poisoning the earth. That is the subject. Lawyers and engineers, in their private languages, are not experts at passing through the earth in the shadow without poisoning the earth. That's the language of art, of culture and of every single citizen, because we are all going to do that. We are all on that same journey. We own the language, but it has been taken away from us. I think that the challenge is to take it back, to enlarge this language, to enlarge every single facility that handles material. Every one of them is a public facility, and all of them are public places. To me, they should be the great design and architecture and art of our age because if they are not, we will not survive.

Now, when Joe speaks very proudly about his background, about the notion of refusing to waste material, of scavenging, using terms from inside - scavenging, picking, sorting, that is how sanitation workers have always understood what they do. That language holds the values that the larger society does not understand except in times of war, when everybody has to understand them. But in good times, it becomes something else.

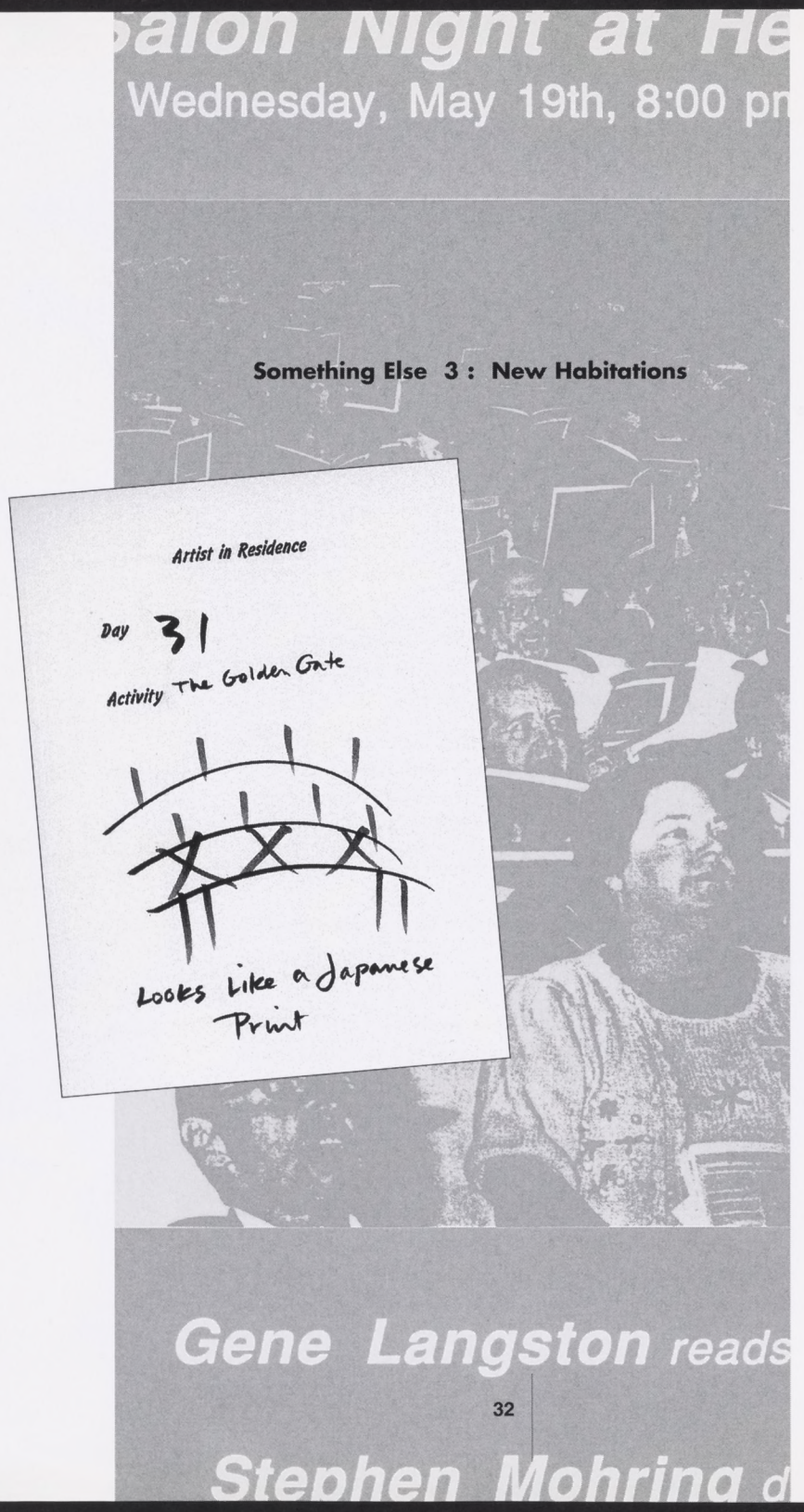
The word "garbage," is a fantasy. What garbage means is that we take material, and we form it, and we distribute it, and go through this medium of exchange called buying and selling, and according to our needs and our desire, we take the materials into ourselves. Then you lose your desire, because you are trained to lose your desire as fast as possible to keep the economy rolling along at a very smooth clip. Then you throw the materials out and act as if they don't exist anymore. And you call them garbage. What the fantasy of "garbage" is about is that the characteristics inherent in material are lost. And your power to call something garbage means that wet is the same as dry, and hard is the same as soft, and big is the same as small, and that is literally what you see going into what Joe calls the hole in the earth, the landfill. So that you watch a garbage truck



that collects just regular garbage, and out comes things that are wet and dry and steel and glass and paper and every different kind of thing, and all the differences, all of the differences are wiped out by the blanket-smothering myth of "garbage." We say "garbage," as if it is all the same thing or all nothing at all.

Now, if you really let your eyes free, free from this whole structure of training that we're trapped in, then we can see, and artists have always, always done this forever. They look directly at the thing itself. That's what we do. We have always done that. So that where other people have said "garbage," artists and scavengers have always put their hand in and refused to let it become a mush. And you say, "This is hard. This is soft." There is this very primitive ordering which really comes out of an American art tradition of minimalism. That is the time we live in. All of the materials that we have here have always been here. We see them in different phases. That is all. And we will be among them. They are very like the differences in nature. That makes life very vibrant and very fascinating. So, I think that my interest in appreciating differences, learning to love difference, is a very big lesson that we have to learn, that goes with politics, with the environment.

In our culture, in western culture generally, in the United States, there is a culture inside, and there is a culture outside. It's like a siege mentality. Inside of the department, people who pick up the garbage know very, very well how valuable they are. And they also know who is terrific, who is medium, who is not so great, then who is the star, who is really super great. Everybody knows this; it's a complete, coherent culture. The outside/inside separation is breaking down. And I think that artists play a very, very great and important role in actually cracking those walls or opening up doors, opening up windows. That is just simply what I have been trying to do, so that the goodness that is inside has a chance to be seen on the outside.



During 1993 I was investigating the meaning of food and my relation to it, an interest that started while visiting my 90 year old grandmother who was growing increasingly senile. Her clearest memories concerned food and I realized how vivid she grew when I brought up the subject. I asked her about different kinds of food and got the most complete recipes, of everything from killing a pig to making sausages from pork. She was also very concerned about potatoes, something that almost became a moral question for her. Although meat and pork took a lot of time to prepare and could turn into the most delicious dishes, the potato was what kept her and her family alive during hard times. It was extremely important to have managed to fill the potato cellar at the beginning of the winter.

I also remembered my grandfather's notion of modern art: He picked up a strange looking potato from the potato-camp and commented: "Modern art!" I don't know if and where he had seen a Henry Moore sculpture, but nothing could be further away from their life in the poor, northern part of Sweden in the 1930's.

At Headlands, I encountered another potato place - the old military kitchen and the mechanical potato peeler, that Bernie Lubell among others, helped me fix. I chose to place the fertile, white, naked potatoes from a big California potato farm on old military beds for a day, accompanied by a video of the sound and image of potatoes being peeled and a text from Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. A surrealistic atmosphere pervaded this installation - similar to an umbrella and a sewing machine meeting on an operating table.

Gunilla Bandolin,
Artist-in-Residence,
Sweden

Headlands Project I

Private Views

In the period between October 10 and November 1, 1993, almost 150 forms were distributed in the various centers, organizations, studios, etc. located in the Headlands (Marine Mammal Center, Visitor's Center, Youth Hostel, Y.M.C.A., Headlands Center for the Arts, Pacific Energy and Resources Center, Golden Gate Raptor Observatory, Headlands Institute) and were addressed to all the persons who, for reasons of work, usually drive into the Headlands. In these forms the following question was asked:

"During your drive into the Marin Headlands, what scene (or view) usually catches your attention and remains in your visual memory, a scene that can be considered the most characteristic of your drive?"

A written description of the chosen view was also requested, and the possibility to arrange a visit to photograph the site from the exact point of view chosen by every single person was also given. Forty-five people filled in the form and submitted it, and with thirty-seven of them an appointment to take a photograph was arranged with me.

The documentation of this work is given by the series of descriptions and of photographs. There is no documentation of the performative aspect of the project consisting in meeting the single participants and going with them to the chosen sites.

Cesare Pietroiusti, Artist-in-Residence, Italy

"On foggy mornings, which is almost the case every morning, the mist from the fog clings to the spider webs, I always think of how vulnerable the spiders become because of this. Suddenly, what was once almost impossible to see (the web) becomes visible to all.

Clarissa Joffrey, Headlands Center for the Arts

"Pelicans on the lagoon."

Landa Townsend, Headlands Center for the Arts

"I should explain that I live on my bike, so I don't drive into work. I usually bike up the main road and then take the fire road down. The scene that always catches my attention is the moment I get off the pavement and leave the cars and civilization behind. I think the temperature even changes a few degrees. It's almost as if I pass through a window and I'm entering the Headlands world. Sometimes, if I'm lucky, I even see a bobcat or garter snake."

Sharon Barshay, Y.M.C.A.

"The scene I feel truly stays in my thoughts is the cliff you are faced with on the last turn before you head down the hill to the Center. At this point the cliff fills the car window. The cliff is reddish earth that has been cut off showing a rough, jagged texture. There are small greenish shrubs growing out of the rocks; they spot the cliff. It is best when it is really sunny and I have my sunglasses on (they are red shades, so they enhance the colors) or when the fog is really thick. In other words, diffused light, when there are no shadows, is the most attractive. I find myself thinking about the colors in this cliff, the rust and the greens. I can, however, drive right past it if the light is too strong."

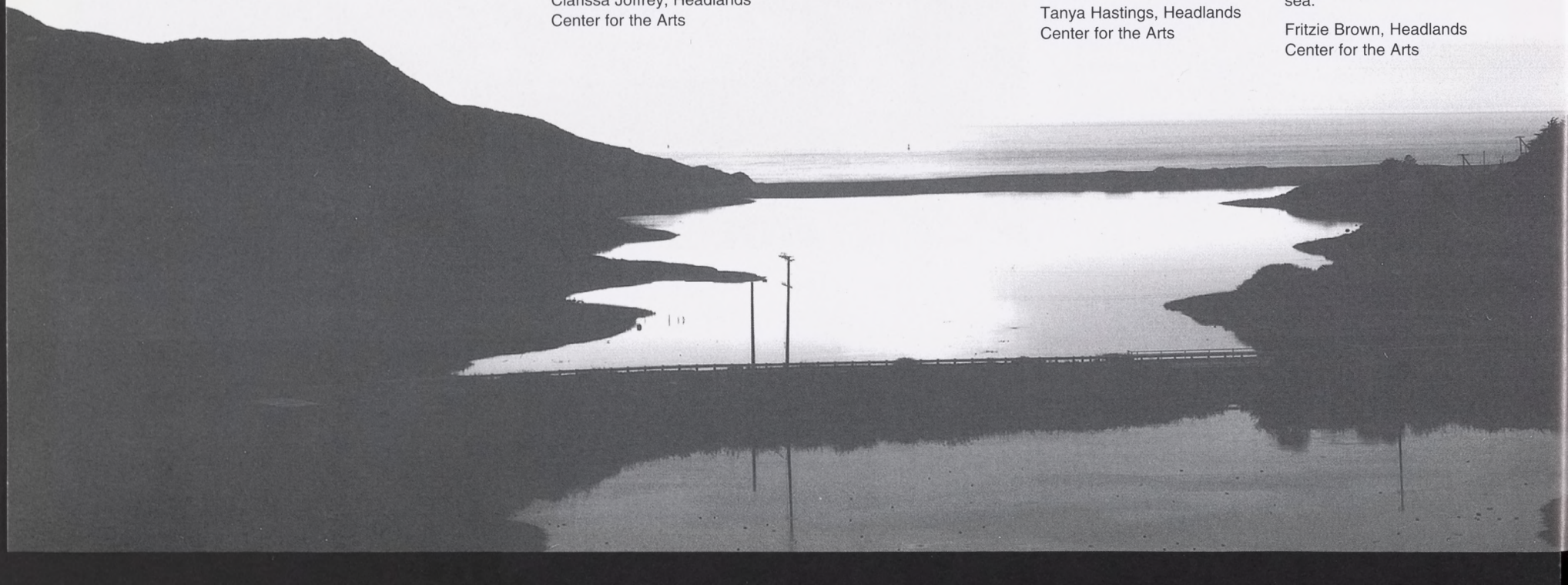
Tanya Hastings, Headlands Center for the Arts

"I ride my bicycle over the hills from Mill Valley every day. The view which remains in my visual memory is the view from the top of the Bobcat Trail looking out over the Headlands and the top of the Golden Gate Bridge and the tops of some of the buildings of downtown San Francisco. I love the contrast of the structures of the city and the wildness of the Headlands!"

Bruce A. Truitt, Headlands Institute

"The kids said it's haunted over by the rope swing and it's true the cypress shadow and heavy off-kilter columns are creepy but, consistently relieved, I proceed into lightness and there's the metal lagoon glare pointing out to sea."

Fritzie Brown, Headlands Center for the Arts



Welcome to Woodlands

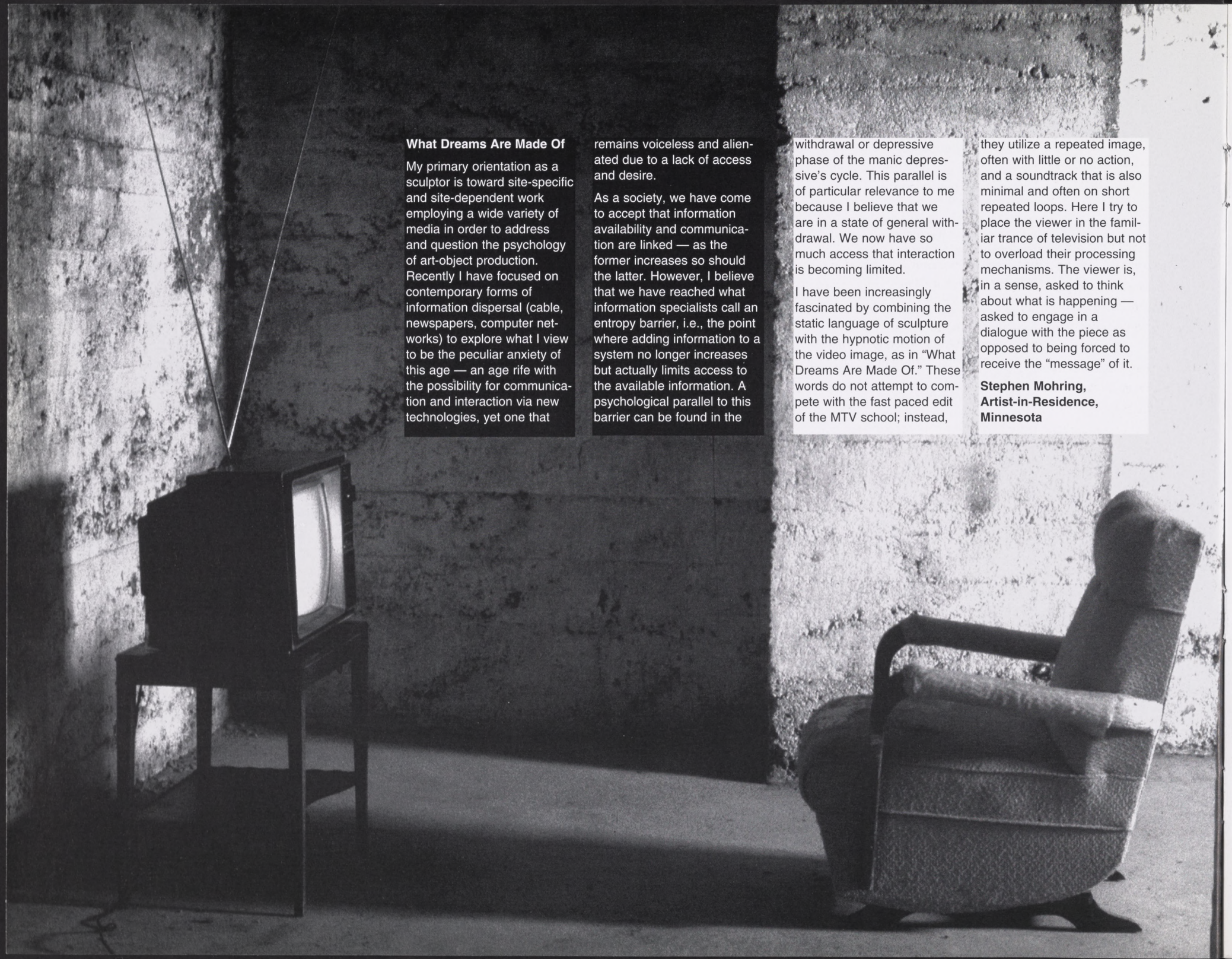
For thousands of years, humans have been trying to transform nature to make something useful; now, only six years before the end of the millennium, nature is beginning to transform humans and this last transformation has started in the minds of humans. When a natural resource becomes more and more rare, humans begin to imitate it; wood is an example.

"Welcome to Woodlands" says something about the (slow?!) process of imitation, and says it with a bit of irony, in case your stomach is not ready to assimilate this heavy problem.

The "Welcome to Woodlands" series of works starts in the latrine at the ground floor of Building 945. If you want to see and maybe understand everything, you have to be prepared for a difficult journey: start in the latrine, follow the series of drawings up to the second and third floor, and there, in the darkened studio no. 4, you will find the end.

And, at the end of the journey, you can sit and have a rest.

Michal Nesazal,
Artist-in-Residence,
Czech Republic



What Dreams Are Made Of

My primary orientation as a sculptor is toward site-specific and site-dependent work employing a wide variety of media in order to address and question the psychology of art-object production. Recently I have focused on contemporary forms of information dispersal (cable, newspapers, computer networks) to explore what I view to be the peculiar anxiety of this age — an age rife with the possibility for communication and interaction via new technologies, yet one that remains voiceless and alienated due to a lack of access and desire.

As a society, we have come to accept that information availability and communication are linked — as the former increases so should the latter. However, I believe that we have reached what information specialists call an entropy barrier, i.e., the point where adding information to a system no longer increases but actually limits access to the available information. A psychological parallel to this barrier can be found in the withdrawal or depressive phase of the manic depressive's cycle. This parallel is of particular relevance to me because I believe that we are in a state of general withdrawal. We now have so much access that interaction is becoming limited.

I have been increasingly fascinated by combining the static language of sculpture with the hypnotic motion of the video image, as in "What Dreams Are Made Of." These words do not attempt to compete with the fast paced edit of the MTV school; instead, they utilize a repeated image, often with little or no action, and a soundtrack that is also minimal and often on short repeated loops. Here I try to place the viewer in the familiar trance of television but not to overload their processing mechanisms. The viewer is, in a sense, asked to think about what is happening — asked to engage in a dialogue with the piece as opposed to being forced to receive the "message" of it.

Stephen Mohring,
Artist-in-Residence,
Minnesota

Norman Kennedy
A Tapestry of Scottish Folktales
March 21, 1993

Ann Chamberlain: *No area is more contested today than the idea of one official history that speaks with unquestioned authority. It has been replaced with many voices and stories. Barbara Kruger speculates, "What happens if the answer to the question, 'Who tells history?' is not a singular response but a chorus of commentaries, a crowd of reckonings?"*

What happens when the formalities and franchises of history are displaced into a dispersal of stories? Who has stories to tell? How do they speak to their audiences? What are the tones of their voices?

In the current fashion of valorizing the stories of the many, we forget that the oral tradition has always been living among us. Even as we are rapidly entering a global information age, tribal stories and tellers exist amidst megalopolises while satellite dishes bring information to bush communities.

Norman Kennedy is a storyteller who has continued the tradition of singing and telling. He has said, "I sing the old songs to keep them alive. They are stories for children of all ages." Norman was born in Scotland and raised among some of the best storytellers of the British Isles. He carries on Gaelic ballads that date back centuries and tell stories of ancient Scottish heroes. He came to the United States from Scotland in the 1960's and worked as a master weaver in colonial Williamsburg. In 1975, he founded the Marshfield School of Weaving in Marshfield, Vermont where he now teaches.

NK: Before I tell you a story I'll tell you about a man that I knew of, a real storyteller, Seanachie. I met him, oh, I was about 20, about 40 years ago. This man, he was a Gaelic speaker from the south end, Uist, out in the Outer Hebrides, the west coast of Scotland. Now, he could read English fine because it was taught at his school, but not his native language. But he was a great man for singing, for stories. They went and got all the terms for seven different traditional crafts out of him, you know, a smart man. Pure poverty made him smart. He could build a house, he could thatch a house, he could build boats from the keel right up. He could tame the ponies. He would go to the grass that grew along the side of sea, *muran,* we call it in Gaelic, and make mats to put over the backs of the beasts to stop the basket chafing them. He could make baskets, he could make shoes, all sorts of things. A really neat old guy he was. I met him a couple of times.

In the 30's, somebody went to him and they heard that he knew really old stories about old heroes and that. So they heard he could tell one of the stories that you have to go eight nights and four hours a night for, to tell the one story, you see. That's the truth, you know. And they went and they took it and they took it on disks, just like records. He would have to think about it for a day or two before he would get it right, you see. And then the word went out and his house was full. This was in the 30's just about the time I was born.

Now the disks went down to a place in Edinburgh called The School of Scottish Studies, part of Edinburgh University. And then in the late 50's, after Hitler's war, didn't somebody find them and say, "Gee, I wonder if this man is still living?"

Well, of course he was living. They thought, "Wouldn't it be great to go and tape him?" There were tape recorders by this time. And they would take the two versions and see how much the oral tradition had changed, you know. Oh, it was getting on for 35 years at least, you know, maybe nearer 30. So, they went and asked him again would he do it. He said, well he hadn't told it since that time, you know, but he would think about it. And the word went out. And the first time, you know, some of the old people had heard that stuff a lot. But those old timers had died off. So the second time, his house was full of younger people, his neighbors, wanting to hear the story. It was like an event, you know.

So, they took it up. They recorded it from him — eight nights. See, there were Catholic people there. So, they could tell stories in Presbyterian places, but they had to be six nights long, 'cause they couldn't tell stories on the Sabbath.

So anyway, he told his story and then that summer they got three lassies from his village that talked his dialect of Gaelic; there are all different dialects, of course, and sent them for a summer job to take the two versions and see how they went. And they took a long time, you know, working on it. At the end of the day they found that there was nine words difference in 35 years.

When I've said that and told that story before, to professors and such, and folklorists, and they think, "Oh it's wonderful." I said, no, because when you learn the traditional way you get a strong training, you see. The songs and the stories, too, they would sing them to us and then get us to sing back, you know, the songs. Many of the songs and the stories I've got in my head I only heard once in my life. But you are trained to learn, you see. And you weren't required to change them. You know, nowadays it's the singer and not the song. But we were told very strong, it was the song that was important. They said, "Now you're going to think it's you fancy this song, it's the song that fancies you." The song takes you over and snares you, so that it can go on another generation. It's a different way of looking at things. It's a healthy way.

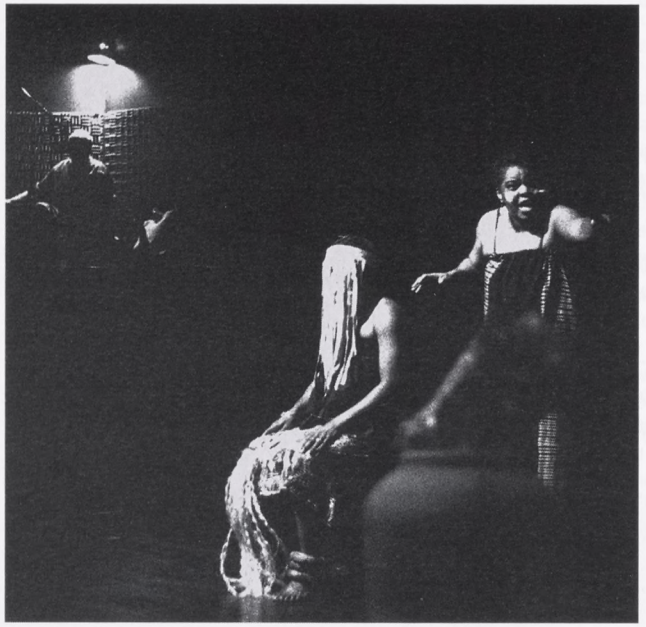
Once in awhile, when myself and some of my friends had a little spare money, we would get some beer and a little whiskey, and we'd go over to see some of the old folks, because they had very little money for buying booze. And they like to see you coming in the door with about a half bottle of scotch whiskey, you know. Well, like my grandfathers would say, "If you want the machine to work you've got to oil it." So we had to oil up the old timers. They weren't going to tell us for nothing, no, no, no.

We wanted the ballads, you see. We wanted the big, long ballads. I doubt if there were a half dozen good ballad singers when I was young and most of them have died now, in my area. And that's more than there were in most of Britain, to tell you the truth. They were almost gone in England. But anyway, then after that the stories, stories, stories, 'till maybe midnight, two, three, four in the morning sometimes, if we hadn't got work to go to.

Njinga the Queen King
Ione and Pauline Oliveros
January 31, 1993

The Headlands Residency of Njinga the Queen King *in January of 1993 was a turning point in the development of our music theatre piece about the legendary 17th century regent of the Central African country of Ndongo, now Angola. A planned research trip to Angola had been postponed due to rising strife between warring factions in the country and we were seeking a way to infuse the play with the authentic Congolese Spirit that is at its heart. We made contact with Congolese master dancer and percussionist (and California resident) Titos Sompa who joined our company at the Headlands, bringing with him the talented Regine N'Dounda. Our introduction to Congolese culture in California began when we had our first taste of Regine's cooking family style in our spacious Headlands abode. Later, during our public presentation of several scenes from the play, we were delighted to find ourselves immersed in the vibrant rhythms and movements of Central Africa. Subsequent residencies expanded our Congolese family as Mabiba Baegne, another Californian from the Congo, and an old friend of Titos' joined the cast in the lead role of Njinga who meets with Gail Ward (modern Njinga) in Dream Time. After residencies at the Gulbenkian Foundation in Lisbon, and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, we opened the completed production to critical acclaim in December '93 at Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival. We are currently beginning our touring plan and heading back to the Bay Area's eucalyptus and mists with as accurate an aim as we can muster.*

Ione, writer, director and diarist, is the author of the critically acclaimed memoir, *Pride of Family: Four Generations of American Women of Color.* The descendant of an accomplished theater family with roots in early black vaudeville, and a social activist and literary family also prominent since the 19th Century, she has been a producer/presenter, director and performer in the literary and theater world since 1962. Her creative work with individuals and groups centers on accessing dreams, primal myths and ancestral memories.



Pauline Oliveros, composer, performer, author and philosopher, has influenced American music extensively through her works with improvisation, electronic music, teaching, myth, ritual and meditation. From her early years as the first director of the Tape Music Center at Mills College to her fourteen year term as Professor of Music at the University of California at San Diego, and from *Sonic Meditations* to *Deep Listening* her innovations have already established her place in music history.

Njinga the Queen King is a play with music and pageantry that traces the impact of a legendary 17th century African regent upon a modern woman of African descent. Communication takes place between the two by way of dreams, past life memories and ancestral spirits, ultimately leading to an empowerment that moves beyond the personal to the global. Central to the play is the amazing leader, Njinga Mbandi (1582-1663) who ruled the Kingdom of Ndongo in present day Angola for forty years, keeping the Portuguese at bay through a combination of cunning diplomacy and fierce fighting.

The play spans four hundred years and portrays the simple daily village life of Ndongo simultaneously with the rich world of spirits and ancestors and the world of modern day characters. The play is multi-lingual and has been successfully performed in English, Kikongo and Kimbundu in English speaking countries. It has been presented in Portugal in Portuguese, Kikongo and Kimbundu (the language of Njinga's people) with a script especially created for Lisbon audiences, featuring a Luso-African modern character. It will be similarly performed in Brazil and Angola with script changes tailored by the playwright to each location. The play's moving message about community strength, the value of heritage and personal courage is a powerful metaphor for women, people of color and spiritual warriors of all kinds throughout the world.

SUSTAINABILITY 4: *The Future of Everyday Life*

This section's talks deal with educating for tomorrow, for life under conditions of limited growth, and new political and economic landscapes. The artists' statements, images, and events all point to ways in which older forms of art and life, while fundamentally altered by their contact with this new age of technology, mass communication, and a splintering social milieu, are nevertheless useful, available for strong reuse and continuity amidst radical change.

Teaching Tomorrow
Herb Kohl & Tim Rollins
June 27, 1993

Ann Chamberlain: *Teaching Tomorrow is the second in the series of conversations on sustainability this year. In this series we are exploring the conditions for developing on-going and mutually supportive relationships within our culture, both personally and institutionally. It means reexamining values which underlie our culture, including what and how we need to learn or teach - not just to survive, but to be sustained personally and to participate creatively within our culture. Both Herb Kohl and Tim Rollins have made the practice of art synonymous with the learning process, cultivating in their students a sense of curiosity, and the capacity to collaborate with each other, as well as express themselves individually. For them, teaching is an act of participation and collaboration, rather than one of compulsion. This approach shifts the role of the teacher as authority figure to facilitator and supports collective work, rather than rewarding individual performance and achievement.*

Herb Kohl is a prolific writer whose early work chronicled his experiences as a teacher. *36 Children* and *The Open Classroom* are just two examples of his commitment to guiding young people to find the creativity and talents they need for survival in today's world. Herb has worked in the public school systems of New York City, Berkeley and Point Arena.

Tim Rollins is an artist and educator who, beginning in 1981, taught art at a junior high school in the South Bronx to at risk children. Rollins' students founded K.O.S. (Kids of Survival) and in 1985 established the Art & Knowledge Workshop in an abandoned South Bronx gymnasium.

HK: I would say my work has been based for the last 30 years on the fact that the struggle for social and economic justice is fundamental and basic to living a decent life, and that if I didn't do it my grandfather would turn over in his grave. My grandparents were old Jewish Socialists; they were non-Zionists. My grandmother was a suffragette. My mother's mother was a suffragette. I take no direct credit for those values that, as a couple friends of mine said, "Came with the chicken soup."

I would say that the given, the central given is the struggle for social and economic justice. The question is, "How do you do it?" And that has to do with very personal decisions as measured against another set of questions like: "Who are you? What skills and talents do you have? What can you offer? What nurtures you?" These questions prevent you from working against your own grain. If you do something just because it's the righteous thing to do, you consume yourself in your struggles and you don't survive very long. I'm not saying you survive very long anyway if you engage in struggles of social justice, because there is a lot of opposition. But you can become your own enemy if you don't engage your own skills and your own love within the struggle.

In my early 20's, I graduated from Harvard University, the esteemed arrogant, elitist institution that it is, and decided that I didn't particularly like the people I met, but I liked what I had learned. My idea was to write philosophy and plays, because I've always loved the theater, and teach kids, never imagining that my activities would ever relate to each other. I didn't yet see any connection between them. I decided to do what I had always dreamed of doing; I got a credential to teach in the New York City School System. I did not choose where I wanted to teach. I would teach anybody, anywhere, under any circumstances. I was assigned to a school in which all of my students happened to be African-American kids, but to me they were kids. I went to Macombs Junior High School and PS104 in the Bronx. I walked into a building that smelled like the buildings I went to school in. The teachers looked like my teachers, the books probably could have had my name in them. I mean it was that old. I was at home. I just felt like I was coming home.

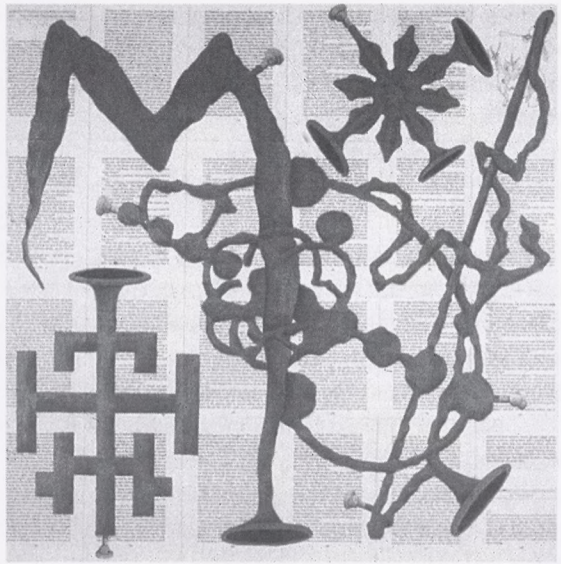
Five years later, I wrote *36 Children* about the experience I had teaching those kids. I wrote the book because I had learned that the kids were wonderful and that it was the system that stunk. I understood, deeply understood, after my first two years of teaching that the system was pathological, not the children. Whereas the problems of education in those days, and it's the same today, identified the kids as pathological, and the system as healthy. If only the kids would just fit the system, with a little fine tooling, no fundamental revision was necessary. That began my rather shaky walk along the edges of public education that has continued for the last 30 years. I believe in democratic schools. I believe in them as much now as I ever did. Public education is our obligation.

The world is a very interesting place because there is an enormous amount of knowledge and wisdom and the interesting things that come from the kids. But not just from the kids. Learning is an exchange. My part of the exchange is to share what I've spent my life learning. But we must offer kids more than the gift of freedom. We have to offer them the gift of understanding, the gift of the arts, the gift of traditions and cultures of which they are a part and we are a part. We have to go beyond the simple-minded idea that freedom is all that good education offers kids. It is not. There is so much else in the world. There is so much else that is rich and important and wonderful. We have to listen very hard to our students, to the past and to other cultures about which we will never know enough. We have to do it in plain, ordinary, honest language. We must have a very clear sense of the role power plays in the judgement of excellence, in the construction of excellence. The whole notion of excellence is constructed by people who have power.

That's what Eurocentrism is all about. Some people have the right to say what's excellent — they "norm" the concept of excellence. Excellence becomes "normed" by people who have power in the art world, within the world of education, within the political world, within the social world, within the financial world. We have to be very sensitive to the fact that there is good painting and bad within a given tradition. But when it's said one tradition is better than another, then excellence is being normed. We have to let our kids understand that "norming" is a way to punish some people and reward others.

I'm working with the New York City Schools on creating a new type of high school. What we have been trying to do, which is very interesting, is to talk about how you can center the school around some very, very exciting and interesting ideas, and build a curriculum around it and have the kids come voluntarily to those schools. The notion is to have a high school built around a holistic sense of health, culture, the arts, theater. We are reconceptualizing what location means for a high school when linked to the efforts of rebuilding the infrastructure of cities.

In a tiny little essay, called "I Won't Learn From You," I wrote about the fact that most of our kids do not fail, they simply refuse to learn in the context in which they're expected to learn. They will not learn from the adults who try to teach them. They will not learn the subject matter which humiliates them. Their personal dignity is frequently more important than success in school. I've known many, many kids who basically play at being stupid or reject school or turn off and I know that I have done that in my own life. If the learner does not say, "I'm going to learn," then there is nothing anyone can do to teach him or her. Therefore, no system, no technique, no methodology, no seductive way of trying to draw people in can crush the power of their own personal integrity. For many people, personal integrity is more important than succumbing to a system that makes them feel less than the whole person they believe themselves to be. That's why a lot of kids fail. But failure is a word the system uses; it's not what's happening with the kid; something totally different is happening. It is a refusal to learn, and unless we accept and understand that refusal to learn, we will never reach the kids. We must realize that we are the persons who "forced" that refusal on them. I think that teachers have to be hope mongers. We have to sell hope in the place of hopelessness, while being thoroughly, affirmatively, and unambiguously romantic, believing that the world can be better and more decent. And to people who say, "You're not living in reality," the answer is simply, "I'm not living in your reality."



TR: Herb is a hard act to follow. Without his pioneering work, his rock-solid foundation, I, and most of the active teachers in my generation, would not know where to begin. But follow Herb Kohl and his generation we must. And while I'm enormously inspired by his writings, activities and achievements, I'm even more inspired by the failures, the inadequacies, the changes in society and in the nature of our own people, in the United States of America. I get great sustenance from the fact that there is so much work to be done and that the work is often quite unpredictable. Because, I believe, it's quite clear that after eleven years of experience in the Hunts Point/Longwood area in the Bronx, directly engaged with kids with whom I've become family, that it's not only the fact that schools are pathological, but that they've had such a pernicious influence on kids and on all of us. We all have a pathological element.

It seems that what kids desire most of all is a life, a real life, a whole sort of life, not a fragmented, split up life, but one with genuine social relations. Unlike many artists and romantics, I make no virtue out of alienation or out of loneliness or out of impossibility. I think the full realization of a whole and complete life really waits upon the reunion of philosophy, science and religion in the making of art, especially in what John Dewey called the "total work of art."

While K.O.S. (Kids of Survival) and I make paintings and drawings and sculpture and prints, we're pathetically traditional. I've always insisted that our first medium, the essential material of our work is education. And through this process of education something else has happened. We've made a whole new life for ourselves on a very fundamental, emotional, material, and personal level, and I hope that the art works will help create a new life for other people. In education, the usual dichotomies of theory and practice, knowledge and feeling, meaning and action, are organically melded in the occupation of creating art. We never just study art, although we study art all the time. The great thing about making art and making art the core of education as well, is that it's not just creative, which is a cliché, it's recreative. The art work provides all the restorative attributes of play and sport.

When you're teaching kids with volitions, but, as Herb says, without the vocabulary, skills or the desire to obtain them, it's better to float around, it's better to consume art than it is to produce it. I think we've thrown a monkey wrench into that whole thing. It became obvious that for me art was a means to knowledge and knowledge is only good if it's instrumental to the pursuit of self-determination and though it's cliché, to empowerment. I call it happiness really. I believe that the making of art and the making of art alone really can produce the unity of the human being that we so desperately need in our times.

My pedagogy is based essentially on teaching the kids what they already know, but knowing in a much deeper sense, and to make the pedestrian and the commonplace wonderful again. Art is fantastic because it makes experience material and I think that to learn art or to learn through art as the core of the curriculum is actually an activity superior to math or science, because the creation of art constitutes an experience. It's not studying a reported experience, it's involvement in an experience. I think when we're talking

about the democratization of education or making art democratic again, we cannot resort to more egalitarian forms, thinking that's going to be democratic. Like making posters or making multiples. Popularity has nothing to do with communication at all. When art and education constitute a single, material experience, then one has discovered one's freedom. John Dewey said that an old recipe for beauty was unity and variety, which is, of course, expressed by the American motto, *E Pluribus Unum.* The idea of unity and variety, this *E Pluribus Unum,* this stupid, old corny American dream, is not a fantasy, it is a dream, and I think it's a dream that slowly, painfully, and joyously will inevitably come true. In our work, the unification of art and education is really a most powerful force.

When I first started teaching, the kids were a screen and I was a political projector. I projected my hopes, my benevolence, my understanding of the political situation of their people's decades of oppression, trying to integrate it with my background as a working-class kid from rural Maine. What I found was that, in many cases, my projections were so bright, that I lacked enough courage or heart to see the kids as they really were, to see their behavior as it was and what it meant, what they did know, what they didn't know. I was romanticizing these kids and it was for my benefit and it was hurting them. What was interesting was that during that time we developed trust, I dropped the pride of being the teacher, they dropped the pride of being the student that would not learn. From the brilliant pamphlet that Herb had then just written, that difficult and very contradictory pamphlet, it became quite clear that the only thing that would work would be something based on mutual trust, which meant that we had to learn together. We could not maintain the illusion of expert and student, we had to go in to the jungle of knowledge together and hack our way through.

In the early days of K.O.S., we started painting on books. The reason, as Herb mentioned earlier, was that books were the enemy! Education and knowledge had become so synonymous with intolerable schools and schooling that many of the kids made the fatal mistake of thinking that knowledge and education were also intolerable, that it was not for them. It was for someone else, but not for them; they'd have to go another way. The problem is that there is no other way to go that is structured, except for life on the streets. There are two schools: one is the University of the Street which teaches you lessons. You get paid for going to school there, but it usually ends up in an early death. What we have to do is counter that.

We began with *Dracula* and *Frankenstein,* painting directly on the novels. Each of the images was done by different kids and collaged together. My idea was that *Dracula* represented all the forces working to leach the neighborhood of the South Bronx, whether it was Robert Moses running the Cross-Bronx Expressway right through a stable working-class community, or drug dealers or white flight.

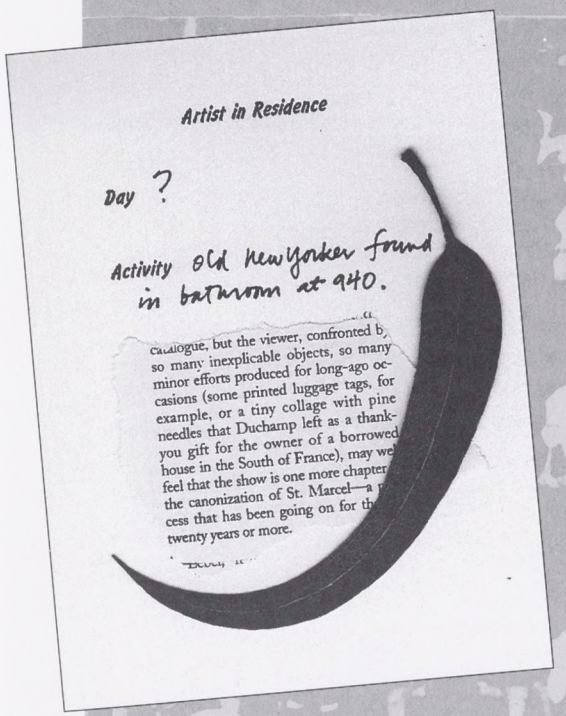
But I quickly found out that I was projecting a liberal, well intentioned, politically correct image of what I thought should be done if you made art in the Bronx. It got to the point where there was a revolt — not on the part of the kids so much as on the part of the parents, custodians and a lot of other people. Teachers that had been working in the community for 20 years said, "Look Tim, this is really great. We're glad you're working with the kids, but you know what you're doing? You're just making the paintings that look like someone on the outside made them up. You are reproducing this dominant image of what people think of us, and it's more complex than that. Yeah, this happens, but we don't want to look at it." Which reminds me of this great quote by Orozco who said in a critique of socialist/realist art, "The last thing the working person wants to see when returning home, is a picture of their people working, hanging on their wall."

We looked at Franz Kafka's novel, *America.* In an amazing scene where Kafka depicts hundreds of people in the racetrack, blowing whatever they want to on these long golden horns, he reveals his metaphor for democracy — very different from the Disney idea where everyone looks alike, walks alike, eats the same food. Kafka's image is not of a melting pot, but of an America that is a fabulous, elegant chaos, where everyone struggles for a voice, dignity, and space. And it is that friction, that struggle which makes the nation great — that cacophony, not the harmony, the cacophony.

I asked the kids, "If you could make a portrait of yourself in the form of a golden horn, what would that horn look like?" And after a year of junk — the long golden horns or things for Prince Valiant, or King Arthur cartoons and stuff like that, I think, out of sheer boredom and frustration and horror of repeating this assignment again, with tears coming down their eyes, saying, no, no, no, they started making work and Eureka!, the classroom exploded, and everyone started competing, trying to make the most eccentric horn. And then we combined them together into these incredible sort of history paintings or traffic jams. We had learned from William Morris, and from Hieronymus Bosch.

As should be apparent by now, all the texts we use are teaching machines. The curriculum is the making of the art works. Instead of getting good grades or instead of putting it up on the bulletin board for the district conference, we have a show at the Hirshhorn. We had many dialogues over certain passages of the books that inevitably became the sources of the imagery. Our dialogues and the making of images from them is a process very much like a jazz improvisation; it's something quite uniquely American about how we make our work. I really am like a Dostoyevsky when Dostoyevsky says, "Really only through beauty can things be changed."

Something Else 4 : Setting Up



My experience at Headlands can be summed up by "emotional, physical, spiritual and aesthetic renewal." Eleven weeks of time and nature in a supportive and nurturing community of artists and staff afforded me a renewed perspective of myself which is not easily measured. No great opus was created. Rather, I bathed in a non-pressured atmosphere, studied with tabla master Zakir Hussain (a Marin resident), collaborated with installation artist/writer, Mark Bartlett, presented a concert with musicians George Bishop, Tom Rollison, Claude Palmer and Victor Zaballa, and interacted with the inspiring group of artists that were in residence with me. I spent a substantial amount of time with my instrument (tabla), attended many concerts in Berkeley and San Francisco and had enough time left over to enjoy the natural environment of the Marin Headlands, to reflect and to dig the whole shabang.

Lenny Seidman,
Artist-in-Residence,
Philadelphia

New Age Express

New Age Express is both an entertaining and a frightening performance in which the artist victimizes art lovers with double binds. You laugh, charmed by his face-pulling and jokes, and yet you are inexorably drawn down the highway to schizophrenia.

Sjölund has always been concerned with the basic ambivalence of communication - the fact that, according to normal conventions, anything can stand for anything else. A wink of the eye quickly transforms the content of a message into its direct opposite...

In *New Age Express,* he uses tarot cards to see into the future. Yet he is no s.n.a.g. - sensitive new age guy. "Roll up! Roll up!" cries the psychic, in the ringing tones of the lion tamer, to visitors who are drawn by the high spirits of the installation. The soundtrack from Disney's *Aladdin* trumpets out ceremoniously from a ghetto blaster on the floor, evoking flying carpets, magic lamps and, most important of all, a genie who can grant every wish. Underneath the table of fortune, a little electric train buzzes cheerfully around the feet of the people standing in line to have their fortunes told. There is nevertheless a suspicious squeaking from one of the wheels on the last wagon. People stamp about excitedly behind the first 'victim' in the queue and watch avidly as their future is revealed... He skillfully repeats and mixes two orders of message - one denies the other - i.e., capricious promises of future happiness are interleaved with intimations of pure disaster.

...Sjölund naturally prevents those who are affected from commenting on the dual nature of the situation - instead, he "accelerates" the confusion. He points out that the Reaper does not necessarily have to represent sudden, painful death, but at the same time he undermines this message with an artificial smile.

...This is reality - you can't win.

Dennis Dahlquist, translated by Mike Garner from the catalog for Stig's *There's no business like Show Business* Exhibition.

Stig Sjölund,
Artist-in-Residence,
Sweden

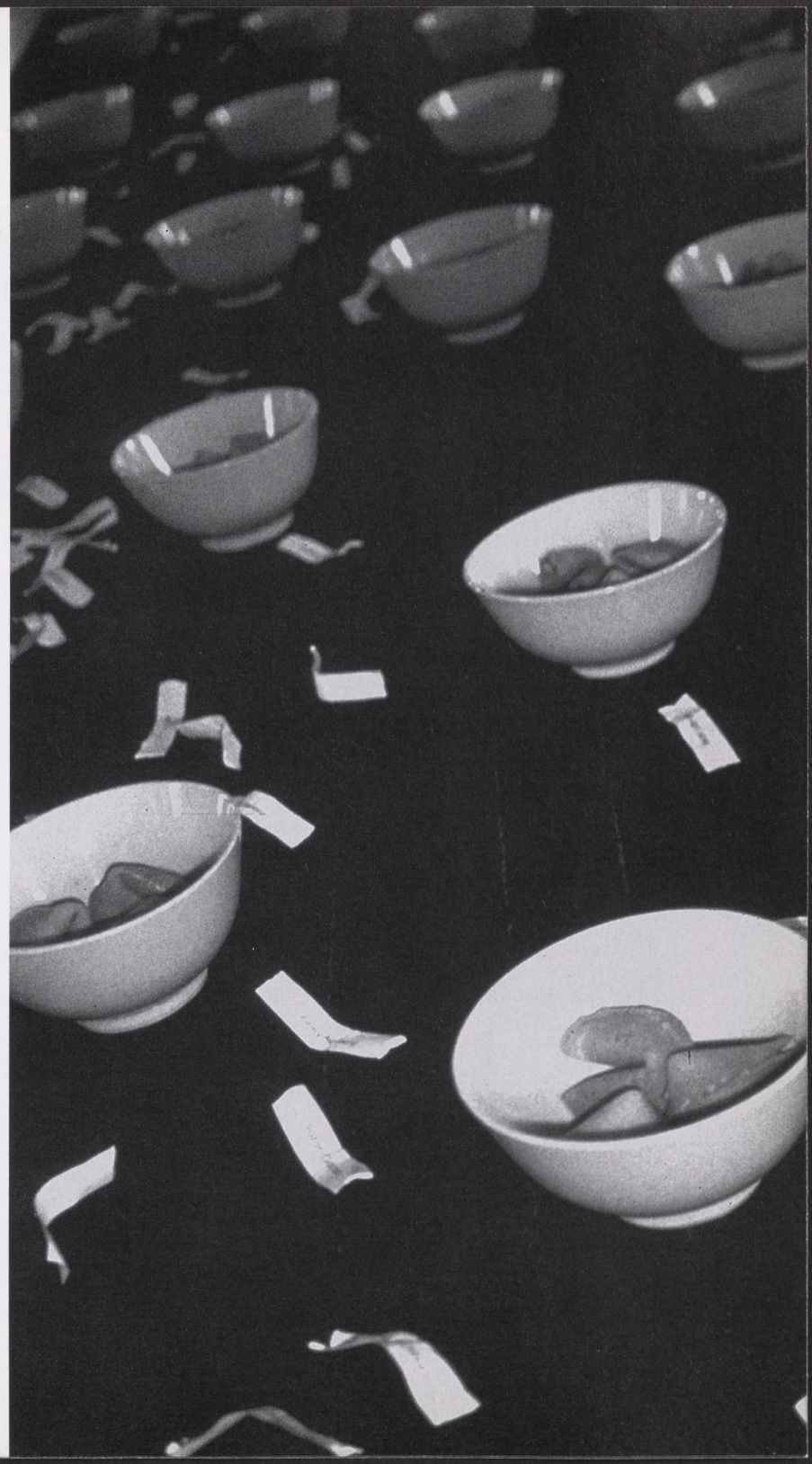
Picturing Asian America

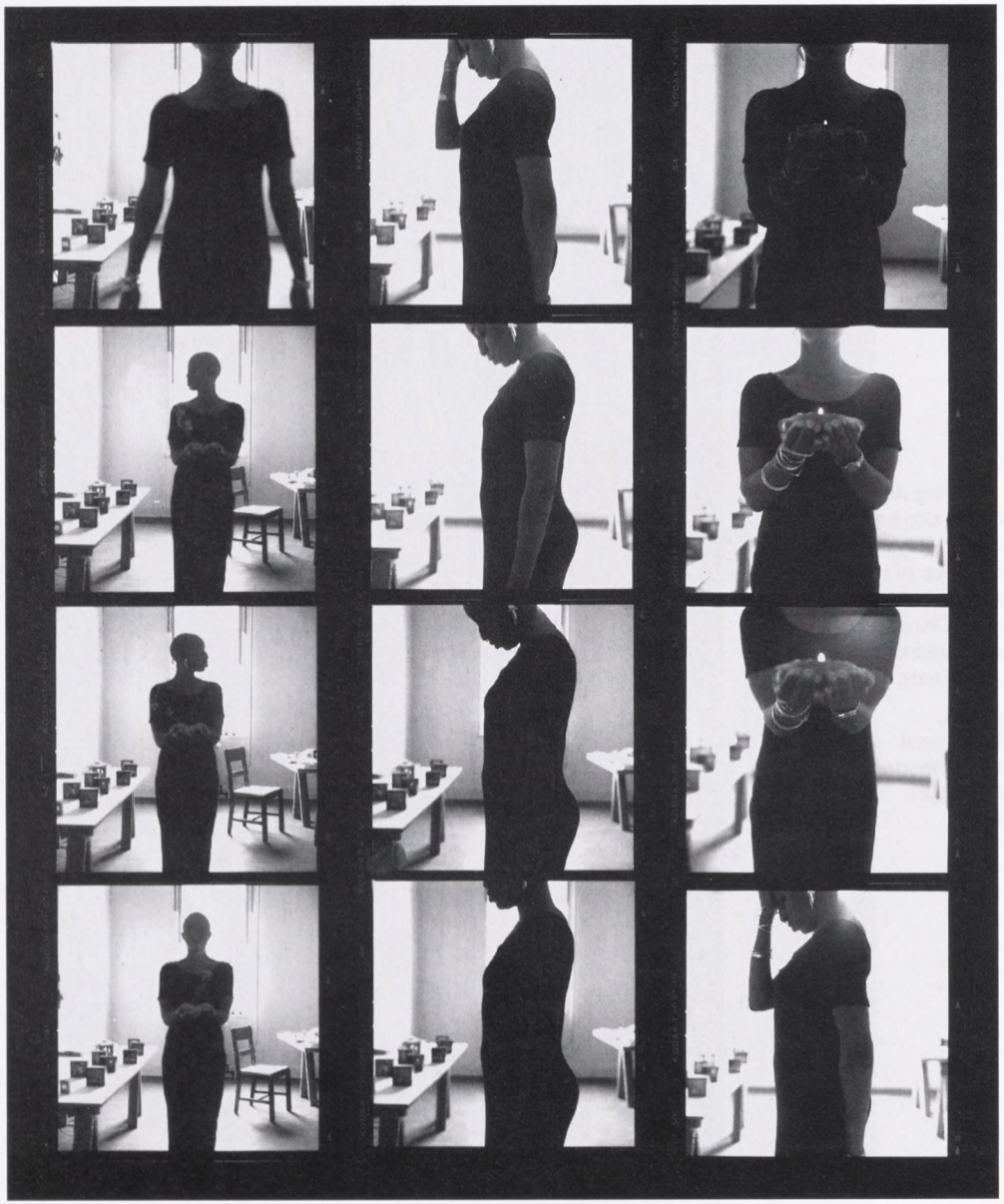
Headlands was a point of departure from which we travelled to the Chinese and Japanese ghost towns of the Sacramento Delta, explored Chinatown's back alleys and hidden Buddhist temples, witnessed the Gravesweeping Ceremonies at the Chinese cemeteries in Colma, and wandered through the former barracks of the Chinese immigration detention compound on Angel Island.

This outreach project often brought me into communities too encumbered with day-to-day wage earning concerns and societal adjustments to find time for making art. *Picturing Asian America* took my artmaking into the communities; of Oakland Chinatown, U.C. Berkeley, the Chinatown Youth Center, the Filipino Student Union at San Francisco State, the Chinese Immersion Program of the West Portal School, the Tenderloin District, San Francisco Chinatown, Cambodian communities in Sacramento and Stockton, and to a group of volunteers at an Asian-American film festival. Its realization at Headlands both enriched my perceptions and dispelled existing myths of what it means to be Asian-American.

Headlands as a laboratory for visual experimentation provided a flexible network of support and resource information from where I accessed the Asian-American communities of the Bay Area. The Open House reception at Headlands not only served as a venue to publicly exhibit and celebrate the community generated pictures of *Picturing Asian America,* but also brought together this highly diverse pan-Asian group of Burmese, Cambodians, Laotians, Mien, Vietnamese, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Indians, and Thais.

Mei-ling Hom,
Arts International
Lila Wallace-Reader's
Digest Recipient,
Philadelphia





It is difficult to sum up (in a few words) what my Headlands residency has meant to me. I was fortunate enough to connect with several people who had and continue to have a profound effect on my development as an artist and as a person.

My time spent at Headlands Center for the Arts was magical and inspirational. I created two important bodies of work. Fifteen visual pieces and one written (a performance piece). Both are so closely connected that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the the other begins. These pieces deal with discovery of (my) self, celebration, the reality of myth, the question of sexual and religious freedom and the death of sexist and racist stereotypes.

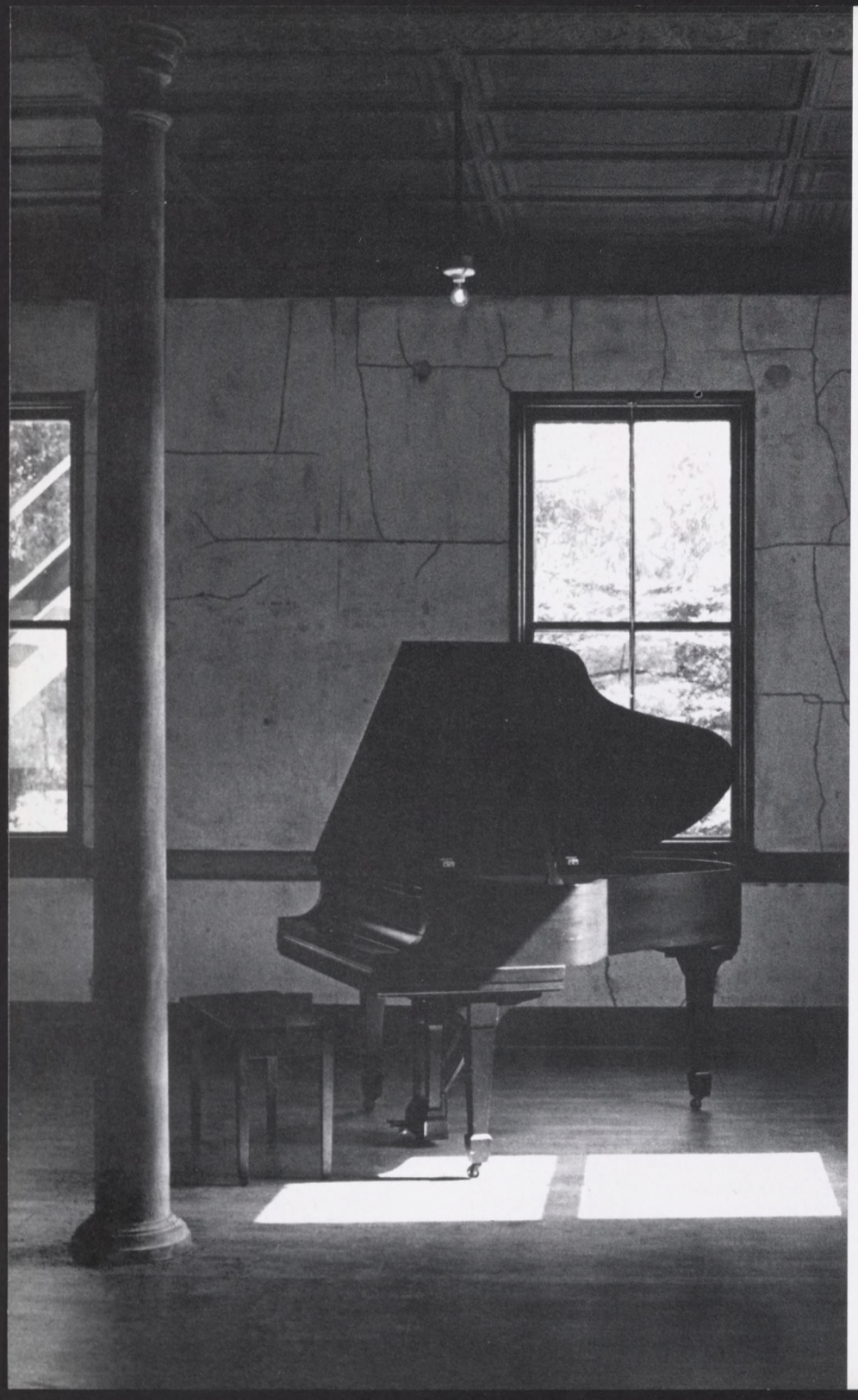
Ce Scott,
Artist-in-Residence,
North Carolina

Attica — Trio in Nine Acts

Attica was a work that attempted to dissolve and reintegrate the conventions and boundaries between disciplines - between theater and music, audience and actor, image and word, writing and speech. I involved the audience in the work, setting up conditions that placed the audience in a critical, thoughtful attitude about the content the work addressed. I wished to move writing out of the book and into an arena that would make it desired, make it something uncertain, known, yet unknown. The work was an experiment, a prototype of alternative places in which to write and speak with and to a "public." Writing today is not what it has been, and is not yet something definitely else. Writing is an experiment in pre-text.

The piece was installed in a 4000 square foot attic with directional light sources from the east and the west. The attic was divided in an east wing and a west wing. In both wings, I hung four scrim walls from the rafters that accentuated the architectural shape formed by the beams that support the roof. The scrim walls partitioned rooms, or cells, in which I placed pairs of facing chairs that sat on platforms slightly raised off the floor. On the rafters above the chair-pairs I placed an audio cassette from which ran two pairs of headphones that were suspended above each chair. The viewers were free to walk anywhere in the space, sit in any chair they wished, and listen to the audiotapes for as long or short a time as they wished. There was definite order to the content of the cassettes, and anyone who wished to sit in all sixteen listening positions could follow the whole piece. In the east wing, the scrim walls were tacked tightly to the beams and floor, the room was dark and warm; in the west wing, the scrim walls were tacked loosely, only at the top, and were left to blow in the wind that varied from a gentle breeze to a strong gale as it came off the Pacific, and the room was light and cool. I composed each of the eight audiotapes around (para)graphs that I wrote, sounds of the cell doors of Alcatraz opening and closing, elephant seals, waves, clapping, etc. The composition was based on a number system invented by the 17th century mathematician/philosopher, Pascal.

Mark Bartlett,
Artist-in Residence,
Bay Area



An Afternoon with Jon Jang
May 23, 1993

As a composer, Jon Jang has received commissions from the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Ford Foundation and the Irvine Foundation. He is a visiting lecturer at the University of California, Berkeley and directs a California Arts Council artist-in-residence program at the Donaldina Cameron House in San Francisco's Chinatown.

His compositions, which incorporate the sounds of African American jazz, Chinese opera and folk songs, European classical music, and the blues, are at the forefront of the Asian-American jazz movement. Noted for his conservatory-trained technique and commitment to social justice and community activism, Mr. Jang is considered one of the leading younger jazz artists in the U.S.

Jon Jang performed selections from "reconstructed" Chinese folk songs and from the works of Duke Ellington, followed by an open discussion of his experiences as a musician working to address political issues and to cross cultural barriers.

SUSTAINABILITY 5: *Body and Soul*

This section's talks treat individual, social, economic, culture-specific as well as transcultural aspects of physical and spiritual health in the contemporary world. The artists' statements, images and events treat various individual and collective solutions to often dramatic forms of displacement, deterioration and dislocation experienced increasingly by the populations of the world.

Planting Health
Buffy Sainte-Marie & Cathy Sneed
November 21, 1993

Ann Chamberlain: *In 1993, the Year of Indigenous People, sustainability is a paradigm for exploring the processes needed for a balanced world in a culture driven by unchecked growth and profit. Sustainable cultural practices are fundamental to most indigenous people of the world, in contrast to the consumer-oriented industrial world. Current economic structures seem to extract less nourishment than profit from our natural resources. Gardening, tending the land and watching things grow, nonetheless persists as a way of re-familiarizing us with what's outside our door in a world of increasing dislocation. Gardens provide a powerful metaphor for a balanced way of life. This simple act has potential for personal and social transformation, for re-inhabiting where we live.*

Academy-Award winner **Buffy Sainte-Marie,** who holds a Ph.D. in Fine Arts, is Cree Indian, originally from Saskatchewan, now living in Hawaii. Famous for her songs of love and protest during the sixties (recorded by singers Bobby Bear, Elvis Presley and Tracy Chapman), she was blacklisted by the FBI for her political work, and is more renowned outside the U.S. than here. Named Best International Artist of 1993 in Paris, she was chosen by the United Nations to proclaim formally the International Year of Indigenous People. Buffy speaks about the values and needs of land-based peoples.

Cathy Sneed studied horticulture at Emerson College in England, Green Gulch Farm in Marin County, and the Agro Ecology program at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Her Garden Project at San Francisco City Jail is considered a model to be replicated nationally — reclaiming unused, abandoned urban lots for a greening of urban spaces.

BSM: The first Thanksgiving, the Indians taught the newcomers how to plant and how to tend. Did you learn in school they taught them how to hybridize? Columbus noted hybridized, irrigated corn fields, 18 miles long, in his journals. Read the pilgrims' diaries. You'll find out they did not invite the Indian people to dinner on that day. The Native American people had their own Thanksgiving dinner with all the nice foods they'd been having for thousands of years. At the movies, check out the candy counter: popcorn, chocolate, vanilla, chewing gum — all Native American. So are potatoes and corn and all the squashes and melons and beans and cranberries and corn bread and rubber.

It's not in everyone's interest for us to know about alternative peoples and our creative power. Many people profit by not turning us on to it — like companies who genetically engineer seeds hoping to make a country like India dependent upon seeds so hybridized they won't reproduce after the life cycle. Indigenous gardening can be a metaphor for alternative peoples, who are like new plants the man hasn't heard about yet, with something unique, all your own to say.

CS: San Francisco is unique. We are the only jail and sheriff's department with a program whose main goal for "prison labor" is therapeutic. Our Garden Project is one of the most hopeful things I've ever seen because the people we've been throwing away are coming back to life. And I get to see it! While I don't feel I'm responsible for it, I know I helped to create a place where it can happen. I just talked at Harvard. There's a sense of history at Harvard, but there is a real sense of community here: seeing the hills, the Monterey Pines, and all of you; looking at the people in my garden with me helping to make this miracle, really makes me feel like we're changing as a people. Don't look at Harvard for answers; look instead at Ann Chamberlain. Ann came to our garden and started talking about art. In the beginning, my students thought art was for rich, white people. Ann helped them see that art is themselves and art is our garden.

Children need to know hope. How and when are we going to provide it? How many young people are going to die before we start saying we're going to stop spending $30,000 to keep people in jail? I feel responsible when my kids (and my children that maybe I didn't give birth to, but are my children) ask me what am I going to do? I've got to respond.

I know our garden is doing something. I've seen the

hatred, the pain and the despair in peoples' eyes when they come to our program from the cages at the county jail. And I've seen that change. I've seen that bitterness fall out of their eyes. It falls out of their eyes while they're cutting lettuce with Laurie, the Center's Chef downstairs, because they feel like they are valued, that they count. For a lot of people with us, that's the first time and the only place that happens. And that's not good enough.

When I initially met Southern Pacific they asked me for $500,000 to lease a garbage pit, where people have been dumping for at least 10 years, like so many neighborhoods where people of color live. The Department of Public Works had been cleaning it up because the dead rats and the live rats would get so bad that after a while people would just keep calling. Southern Pacific had the nerve to say to me, "We want $500,000." At first, I was like, "Oh, you don't understand, let me explain to you what we're doing — I started this program in the jail, the people are changing and they're getting jobs and we're doing all these positive things. We're working with businesses." The man was like, "Lady, you're confused. Southern Pacific is not a charity. It's good that you're doing that, but if you're going to use our land, you're going to give us $500,000 or don't bother me."

I couldn't accept that, partly because one of my children had given me *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee.* As I read it, I got more and more angry. I said, "You know what? We're going to do this without your help." (I didn't say that to them because I decided it was best for me not to tell them.) Michael Hennessey, who is the sweetest person, is the Sheriff of San Francisco. To think of him saying to me (three years ago, when we climbed over the fence of the Southern Pacific lot), "Yeah, you should do that, I support that." I said, "Well, Michael, we are talking felony trespass here." But we started cleaning up this garbage dump and planted this garden and three years later Bill Clinton was eating lettuce from it. It didn't come up that we were still squatting on this property.

We're going to do more. To do more, all of us have to say that we're not going to accept the cages anymore. Join us and say:

"I'm not going to spend my tax dollars to put children in cages. I'm not going to allow the State of California to spend more money making prisons than it spends on kids." I invite you all to come help, help plant health.

I started gardening because this doctor I adore told me that I was going to die, and that I should go home and die if I wanted to. I didn't want to. While I was hospitalized, dying I guess, according to him, a good friend of mine gave me *The Grapes of Wrath.* I was twenty-eight. Most people read it in high school, but I hadn't finished high school. Reading it, I don't know if it was the morphine but, I had this vision that if we took our students outside (we didn't call them students then, just "prisoners") to what used to be San Francisco's County Jail Farm, somehow it would help them. I had no basis to believe that. I worked in the jail and knew nothing about gardening.

So they kicked me out of the hospital because I was making

such a fuss, and I went to work the next day. Actually, I couldn't walk; the prisoners brought me outside to the old farm. The Sheriff's Department had made it into their storage place for old jail windows and file cabinets and broken buildings. But San Francisco City Jail was on 145 acres of land. So we started cleaning it up and as we did, I started to get better. The people were so excited about this work. I had never seen them so excited.

I felt like I was on the right track. Gradually, I started to get better. I had begun chemotherapy, but I also started to eat differently, to eat herbs and vegetables and no more canned peas, but real food. As I got better, I felt as though to be outside with these people would help them to get better. I went into "remission."

A friend of mine, a teacher, was a gardener. We combined our efforts and created this garden. The people were just so turned on by it, I got well. I know I got well not from my wonderful doctor's chemotherapy, but from watching people change, watching people begin to believe they mattered, to believe that, with their hands, they could do something else with their life.

Healing Arts
William Stewart, M.D. & Luisah Teish
July 11, 1993

Ann Chamberlain: *While modern medicine has made tremendous advances in technology, biology, immunology and genetics, its realm of wisdom has been limited to the world of material causes, systems without souls. In many indigenous cultures, nature and human nature are synonymous. Mind and body are treated together in any illness. Western culture is now questioning our myths of progress, objectivity, and the dialectic which separates mind from body. The following dialogue is between two individuals who explore the borderlands, commonalties and values in Western medicine and traditional healing.*

William Stewart, M.D. is an ophthalmic surgeon who directs the Program in Medicine and Philosophy and the Ophthalmic, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery Service with the Department of Ophthalmology at the California Pacific Medical Center, San Francisco. He works to broaden conventional notions of health and healing.

Luisah Teish, a priestess of Oshune, the Yoruba goddess of love, art and sensuality, is a well-known dancer and storyteller. An Oakland resident, she is a long-time student and teacher of the Yoruba and Santeria religions as forms of healing. She wrote *Jambalaya: The Natural Woman's Book of Charms* and *Practical Ritual.*

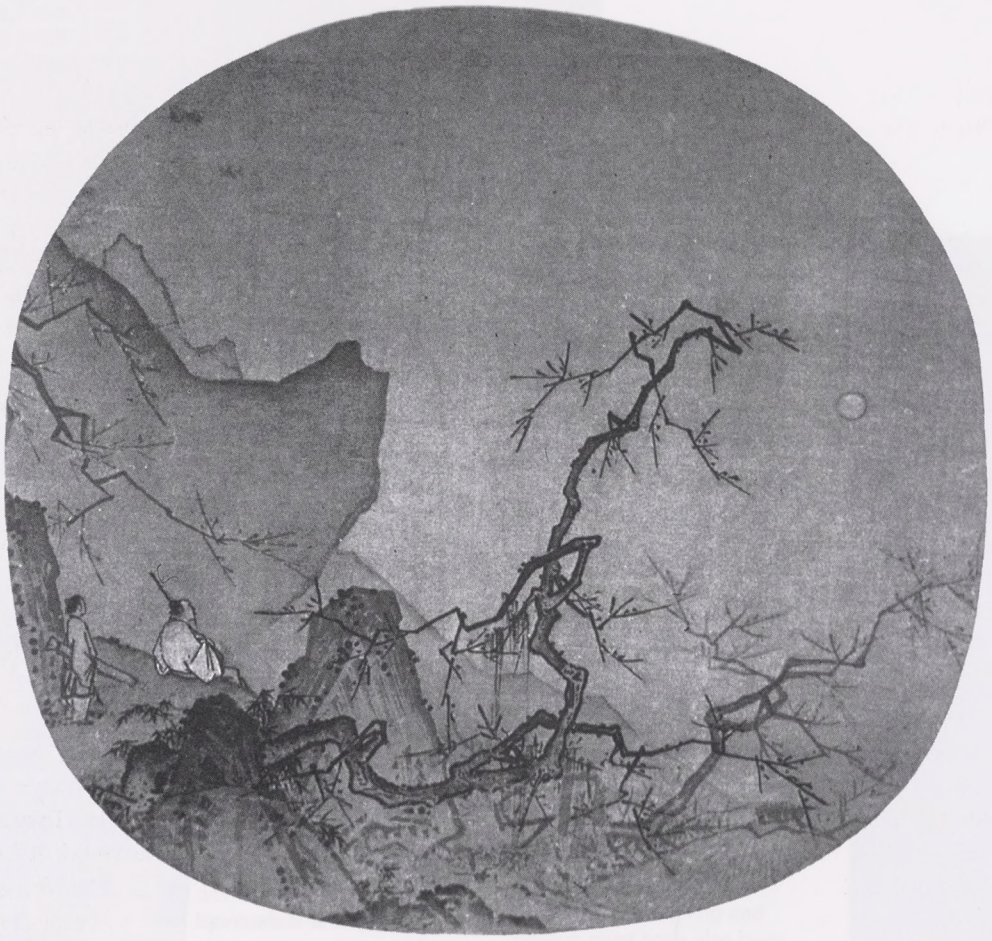
WS: As somebody interested in "other" (opposed to the dominant biotechnical) forms of healing, I read Luisah's book: it was a delightful experience reading about "the big mystery," "the great medicine," beyond our intellectualizing it.

LT: The term we use for illness is *arun.* When an African healer speaks of *arun,* we are speaking first to the cause of the illness and second to the symptom. We could say this person was stung by a bee and so has a lump on their face. Everybody can see that this lump comes from the sting of the bee and that something ought to be put on it. But the deeper question is, what is that person's relationship to the bee that caused them to be in that place at that time exuding a smell or exhibiting a behavior that brings them in negative relation to that bee? The healer asks not only "What salve do I put on this?" but "Why did all of this occur?"

Illness, in the African view, is a sign that somebody is out of balance with nature and with their highest destiny. You were not born to come here to be sick. If you are sick, it means you have forgotten or somehow gotten off track with the highest, most positive causes in your contract with creation. So, we ask for an amendment. I came here to be beautiful. If something happened along the way and I am sitting here in front of you ugly, then we have to take a look at the contract and see where I blew it and see where we can correct it.

WS: The Mother of Pondicherry said, "It is always a mistake to complain about the circumstances of our life, for they are the outward expression of what we are ourselves." There is no doubt the dominant medical system in our culture is sick. It does not seem to be serving our needs. Establishment medicine often gets scapegoated, as if the medical profession were perpetrating something conscious, willful, cheating or lying on the public so doctors, drug companies, and hospitals can make more money. I don't think that's an appropriate call. We get the health care we deserve and demand. If the medical system we've created is out of balance a bit, it is representative of the state of our multiple environmental degradations. The system needs to be healed, but so does each of us.

LT: The whole thing needs to be rethought and there needs to be another attitude. Having a baby is not a sickness. Menstruation



is not a sickness. The mental attitude that goes with it is not a sickness. It is an altered state that is not accommodated in this society. In other societies, there were women's bleeding huts where you could go and dance and meditate and create and not have to do this or that. But we live in a culture where I am supposed to walk around pretending that I am not bleeding, and pretending that I don't have an attitude.

The body in African thought cannot be separated from the mind, the spirit, the community, the environment or the history. They are all interconnected in a mutually responsive system of heat, cold and rest, so that when we look at illness, we look at it not only in terms of what symptoms you have but who you are. A child of the mountain should have a cooler temperament and body than a child of the lightning. We think of people as being children of a particular force in nature, and if you are in tune with your particular force, that says something about your physical, emotional and mental disposition, and so we look at it in those terms. It is all tied into your contract, into who you are, not just what you are.

WS: It is fairly clear now that our scientific thinking has taken us to where the new frontier is going to be inside, bringing the scientific and the sacred together once again. This is like "old thinking." But we can't drop back, we can't go back to the "good old days." We want to make our scientific tradition better, not abandon it. We have to appreciate that the practice of science is truly a very flexible, dynamic system of truth. Science can take the study of today and refute it tomorrow and not be embarrassed about it.

LT: I study tradition. Some of the stuff our ancestors did was wonderful, and some of it was bull. One of the reasons we are stuck in our medical model is because millions of women just like me, millions who carried knowledge of herbs, of spirit, who dedicated themselves to this healing, were burned. I travel among indigenous people all over the world. After three days of testing to see if you really are a sister, usually somebody tells me about their cure that only the women's society knows about, and I have to say that "I ain't going to say nothing." If the medical profession knew there was a cure for cancer in the forest in some country, they would burn it down. Out of ignorance, but mostly out of the basic belief that human life is supposed to be suffering, that we were born to some kind of curse, that Eve messed it all up. I don't buy that.

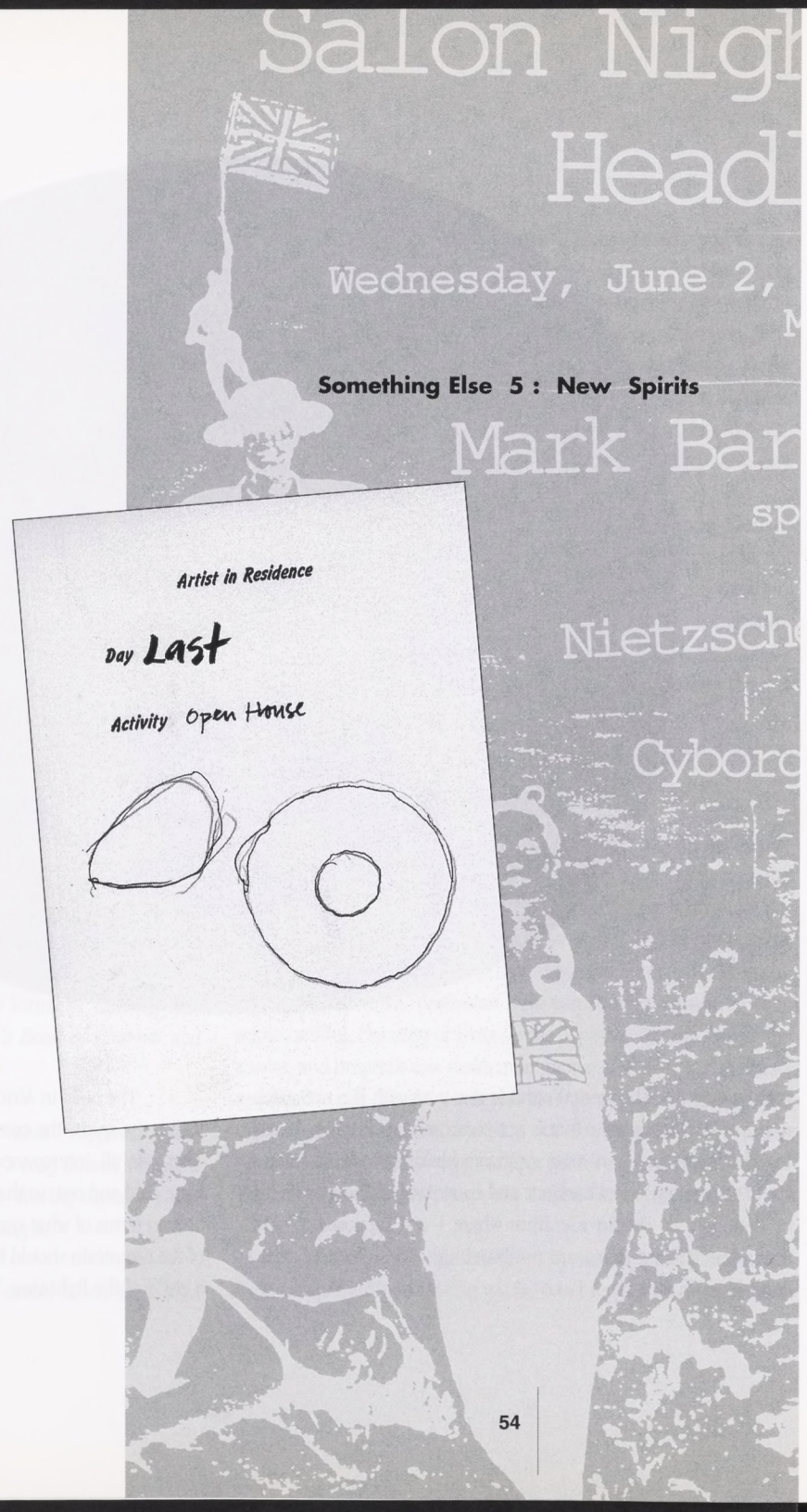
WS: I think there is no question that there are health and healing issues that are gender specific. There has been and continues to be a violence unfairly and perhaps inappropriately applied to the poor and to women. But much of the dialogue about gender-related and resource-related issues is extremely polarizing. Men could see themselves as mistreated or unable to express significant internal

rage or distress. If we could neutralize some of the labels it would help. My wife, Suzy, suggested a vocabulary change would help: if we just said Yin and Yang, we'd see things in a Chinese Taoist sense: there's Yin in the Yang, and Yang in the Yin; none of it is separated.

Ultimately, political solutions, or at least governance is going to be necessary. There have to be community decisions regarding what we do and how resources are expended. Several critical aspects of our present state of ill health, from a system standpoint and from an individual standpoint, are not dealt with in public. I haven't heard Hillary Clinton even say the "R" word — rationing — once. We have finite resources on this planet, and there is no question they are maldistributed. But, if we are feeding the preschooler, we're not going to transplant the liver of the alcoholic. If we're immunizing the infants, providing prenatal care, we are not perhaps going to be providing terminal care for the elderly. These decisions need to be made by the community, not by the doctor at the bedside.

LT: There are conditions in African healing practices specific to men, women and children. Usually in traditional societies, there is a women's society and women's secrets and women's rituals, and there is a men's society and men's secrets and men's rituals. Then there are the communal ones. In each camp there is what I call empowerment. In the communal rituals, those two energies are brought together in order to generate something.

In Africa, good fortune is interpreted as being at peace with one's neighbors. This is the formula for good health, being whole in yourself and being at peace with the humans around you, the plants, the animals and the stones. For us, there is intelligence in that stone that we can access, and that stone is responsive to us. In this culture we talk a lot about interconnectedness, but we don't really mean it.



The title of my book is tentatively *The Serving Pan.* It is a collection of interrelated stories touching on issues of sexuality, religion, race and history, sometimes culminating in intergenerational conflicts, that take place between 1910 and 1980, from my great-grandmother Matilda Brooks' time to my own. The central figure is based on my grandmother, Ruth Matthews Taylor, who became a spiritualist minister in the last decade of her life.

I would like to explain what the Spiritualist Church is and how it came to be and who are its adherents.

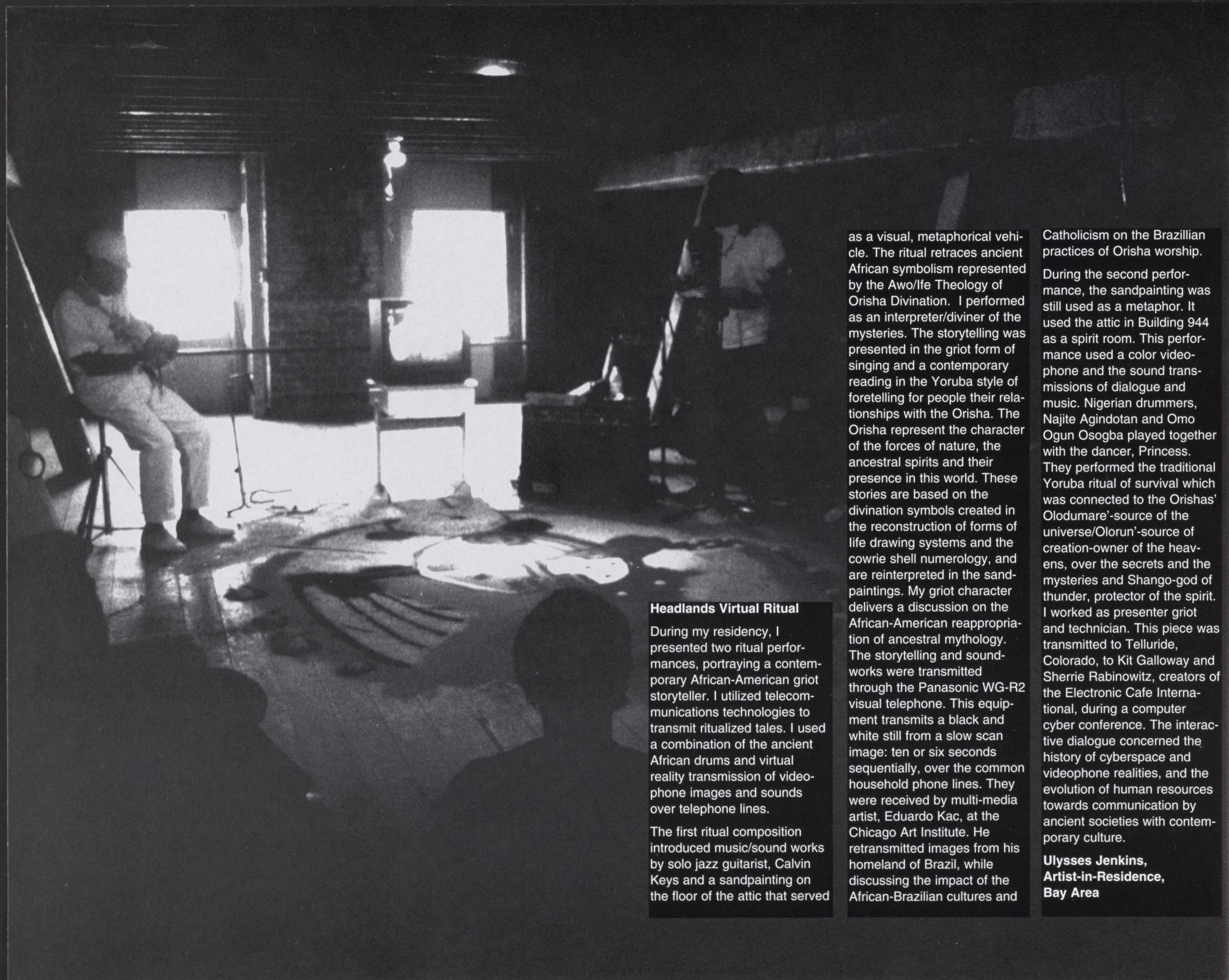
1) The Spiritualist Church contains aspects of Catholic mysticism, African animism, and Protestant fundamentalism.

2) Its foundation can be directly traced to a black woman by the name of Leaf Anderson, who established the First Spiritual Church South in New Orleans in 1920. Leaf Anderson had been a woman church leader in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which is one of the oldest established black churches in the United States. However, the A.M.E. Church, like most Christian sects, is a male-dominated religion. Women were not allowed to preach, minister or even to approach the altar or pulpit for fear of contamination. Leaf Anderson is only one of several known black women mystics, ecstatics and religious who broke away from established churches beginning in the19th century, sometimes creating their own following or even congregations.

3) Leaf Anderson was of Native American and African-American parentage. She believed in a world of spirits, that the spirits of the ancestors return to "guide" you in the form of dreams, inner voices, prophesy, prayer and healing. Unlike sects that disdain the "sinful" world, Spiritualists are open to all phenomena in the world. Anderson left the A.M.E. Church and her career as a singer and moved to New Orleans, following an inner call to minister there.

4) The Spiritual Church can be called a Christianized, adulterated version of Voodoo. Its adherents sometimes deny this connection. Voodoo and the Spiritualist Church are alike in one respect: that numbers of black women are and have been attracted to it. In my grandmother's case, she became disgusted with the continual sexual misbehavior of her black male Baptist pastors, which naturally caused division and schism within the church. However, my grandmother had other reasons to join the Spiritual Church. As the eldest child of her father, who died young, she may have seen her father preside as an itinerant preacher. As a migrant from Ascension Parish in Louisiana, she was probably taken, as was Leaf Anderson, by the convergence of so many religious streams in New Orleans. The idea of black women preaching, ministering and healing must have also been a powerful inducement to a woman who already possessed a very strong and very religious personality from a hard, rural, agrarian upbringing.

Gabrielle Daniels,
Artist-in-Residence,
Bay Area



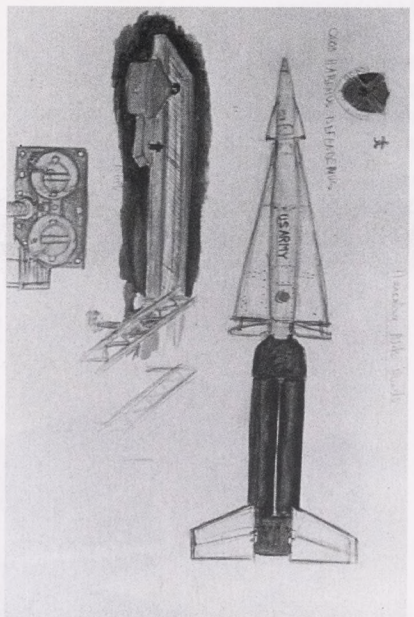
Headlands Virtual Ritual

During my residency, I presented two ritual performances, portraying a contemporary African-American griot storyteller. I utilized telecommunications technologies to transmit ritualized tales. I used a combination of the ancient African drums and virtual reality transmission of videophone images and sounds over telephone lines.

The first ritual composition introduced music/sound works by solo jazz guitarist, Calvin Keys and a sandpainting on the floor of the attic that served as a visual, metaphorical vehicle. The ritual retraces ancient African symbolism represented by the Awo/Ife Theology of Orisha Divination. I performed as an interpreter/diviner of the mysteries. The storytelling was presented in the griot form of singing and a contemporary reading in the Yoruba style of foretelling for people their relationships with the Orisha. The Orisha represent the character of the forces of nature, the ancestral spirits and their presence in this world. These stories are based on the divination symbols created in the reconstruction of forms of life drawing systems and the cowrie shell numerology, and are reinterpreted in the sandpaintings. My griot character delivers a discussion on the African-American reappropriation of ancestral mythology. The storytelling and soundworks were transmitted through the Panasonic WG-R2 visual telephone. This equipment transmits a black and white still from a slow scan image: ten or six seconds sequentially, over the common household phone lines. They were received by multi-media artist, Eduardo Kac, at the Chicago Art Institute. He retransmitted images from his homeland of Brazil, while discussing the impact of the African-Brazilian cultures and Catholicism on the Brazillian practices of Orisha worship.

During the second performance, the sandpainting was still used as a metaphor. It used the attic in Building 944 as a spirit room. This performance used a color videophone and the sound transmissions of dialogue and music. Nigerian drummers, Najite Agindotan and Omo Ogun Osogba played together with the dancer, Princess. They performed the traditional Yoruba ritual of survival which was connected to the Orishas' Olodumare'-source of the universe/Olorun'-source of creation-owner of the heavens, over the secrets and the mysteries and Shango-god of thunder, protector of the spirit. I worked as presenter griot and technician. This piece was transmitted to Telluride, Colorado, to Kit Galloway and Sherrie Rabinowitz, creators of the Electronic Cafe International, during a computer cyber conference. The interactive dialogue concerned the history of cyberspace and videophone realities, and the evolution of human resources towards communication by ancient societies with contemporary culture.

Ulysses Jenkins,
Artist-in-Residence,
Bay Area

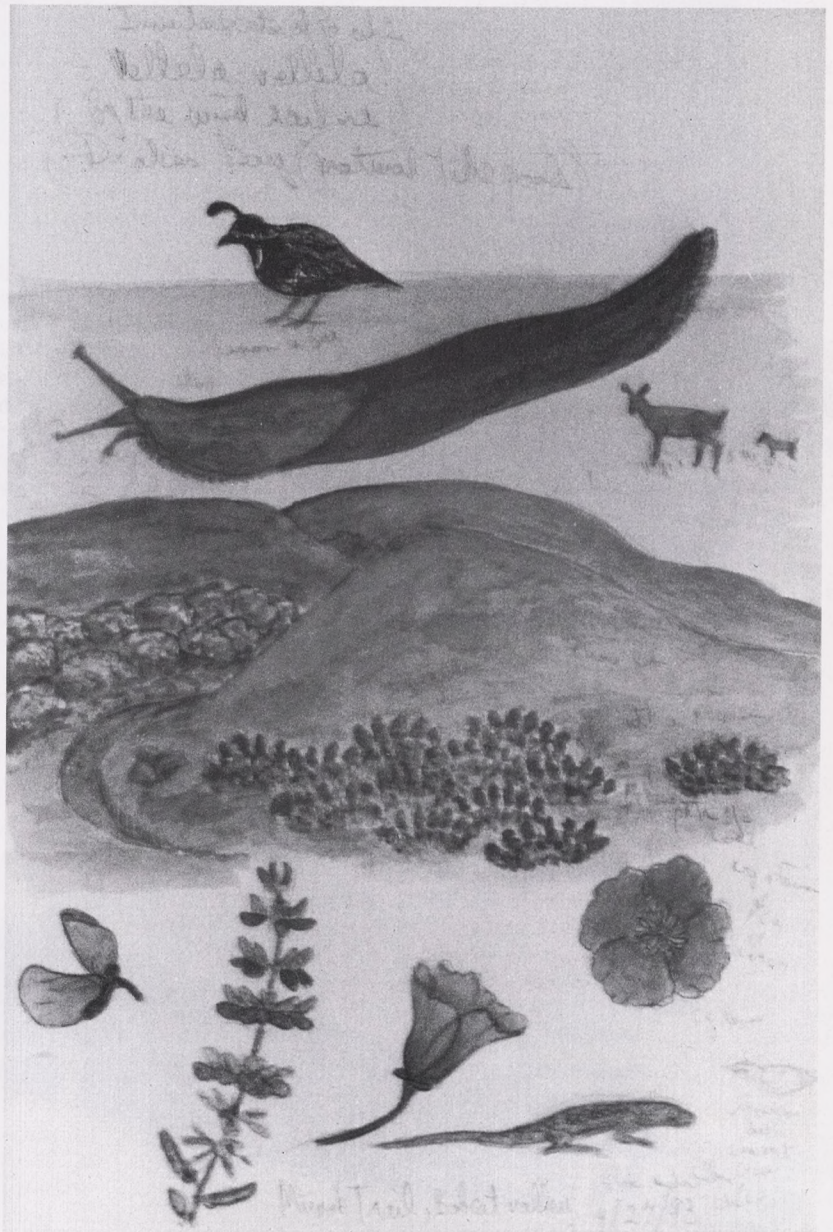


Notebook Drawings

Discovering and connecting with the incredible natural environment there at Headlands was the real focus of my stay. But getting to know all the wonderful people there, on the staff as well as other artists, was a real joy and helped stretch my understanding of people from different cultural backgrounds and artistic interests.

Coming from a fairly isolated location where I have lived for the last 20 years, being at Headlands and in the San Francisco Bay Area, was an experience of being exposed to all kinds of new input. I felt like a child at the wonder of it all. I am still digesting the experience. My experience there seems almost like a dream to me now.

Robert Johnson,
Artist-in-Residence,
North Carolina



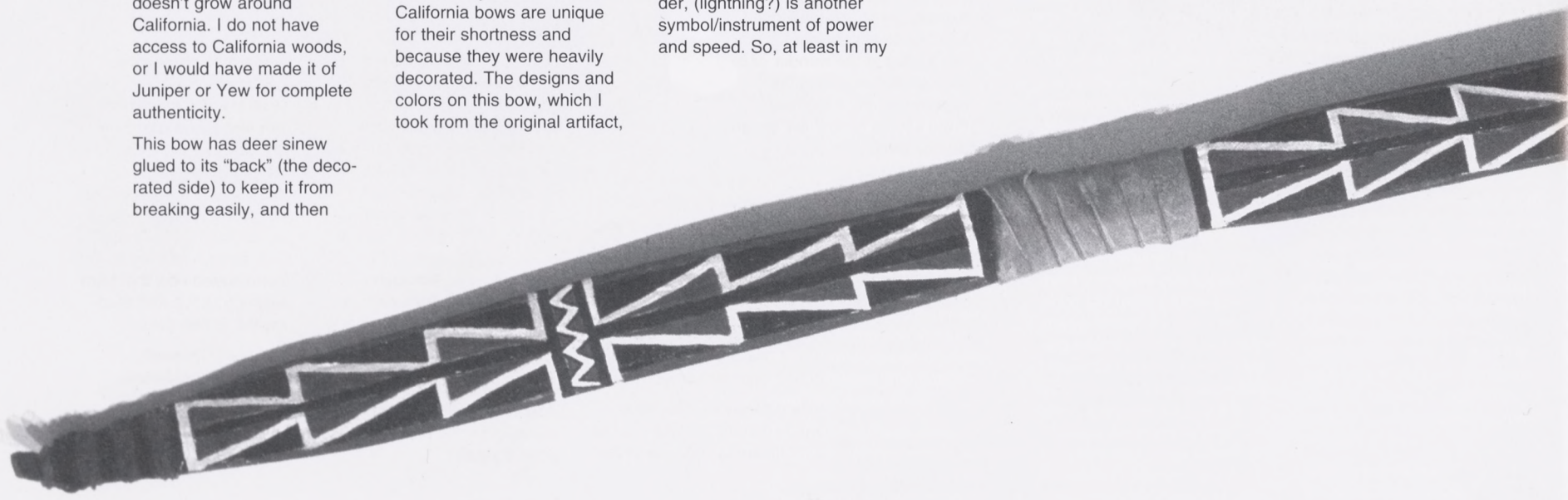
Knowing Headlands' interest in Native American cultures, I thought you might like this bow, which is a copy of a Hupa artifact from your part of California. Unlike the tribes from the east, ("my" tribes: I am part Cherokee and part Choctaw) the California tribes made very short bows which they backed with sinew and decorated with geometric designs. California bows ran from about 31 inches long to somewhere around 46 inches long, short by eastern standards. So while this bow appears to be a toy, it is actually quite representative of the area. In only one respect does it significantly differ: it is made of Osage orange, a superior wood that doesn't grow around California. I do not have access to California woods, or I would have made it of Juniper or Yew for complete authenticity.

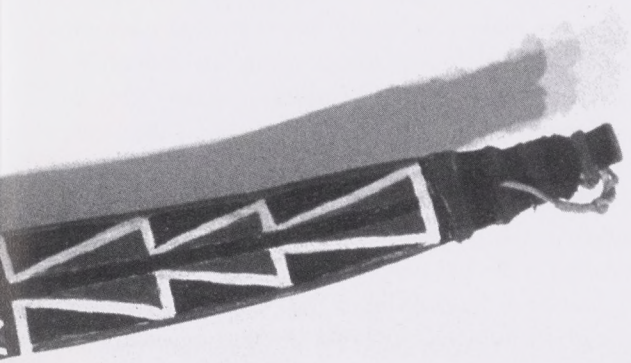
This bow has deer sinew glued to its "back" (the decorated side) to keep it from breaking easily, and then covered by rawhide to protect the sinew and glue from moisture. It is quite strong and can be shot, although it mustn't be drawn over about twenty inches. If so, it could break, or (more likely) the string could come off of it, causing a great deal of alarm and possible harm. The tips are bent forward to prevent this from happening, but too much angle, from pulling it too far, could cause this to happen anyway. If you even want to string this bow, call me first and I'll tell you how: it isn't complicated, but it's different than we learn in college archery classes.

This is my first attempt at a California bow, although I've made many eastern bows. California bows are unique for their shortness and because they were heavily decorated. The designs and colors on this bow, which I took from the original artifact, must have taken the Hupa craftsman a long and difficult time to create. (It sure took me, a non-artistic type, a long and difficult time to create!) But from making it, I think I got an insight into a role that art might have played in the life of these people, and it is this: I believe they felt that art had the power to evoke, to make things happen. I don't mean emotional things, I mean real, physical things. Thus, the red arrowhead-shaped triangles become more than just symbols, they become actual instruments of physical action to make the hunter's arrowheads red with blood and thus ensure a successful hunt. The white, jagged border, (lightning?) is another symbol/instrument of power and speed. So, at least in my interpretation, art becomes something like a necessary prayer.

In any case, I hope you enjoy the bow. I would feel gratified if I were able to give something back to Headlands, the institution that provided me with such an interesting and productive time.

Gene Langston,
Artist-in-Residence,
North Carolina





1 Maart 1994

The Netherlands

Dear Beverly,

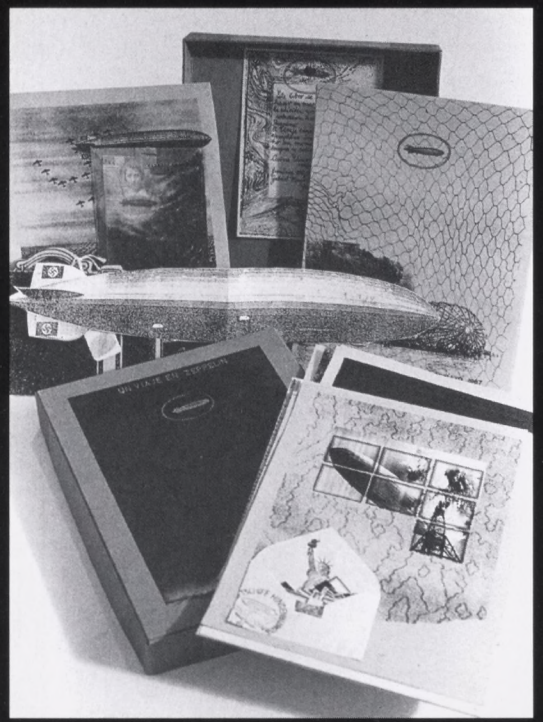
I received your letter from Headlands just today - and boy, do I feel embarrassed. First, I've missed your deadline and second, all the things I wrote at Headlands are boxed in my sister's house. I'm afraid (and very disappointed, guilty, etc...) about this. I do wish I had gotten your earlier letter.

What makes me feel even worse, is that the time I spent at Headlands was one of the most important periods of my life - not because I celebrated Malcolm X's birthday learning to make wontons with Flo Wong, or because I came oh-so close to being sprayed by a skunk on a moonlit walk to the beach. Rather, it allowed me time to think - such a rare privilege in our frantic life. Although I spent less than six weeks at Headlands, I now know that it was the turning point to my life. Toward what, I'm not sure (although when Gabrielle read my tarot cards she said my life portends great things.)

And a less philosophic observation - I found that upon leaving Headlands last March, I began to list my occupation (heretofore left blank) as "writer." So there you have it - the tangible and the intangible. I should also apologize for my spelling. It has deteriorated now that I am learning Dutch and reading the British press.

Margie O'Driscoll,
Artist-in-Residence,
Bay Area

Marta Hellion, *Hojas:* "Marta always has to do with the elements—the wind, the fire, the water. nature is in her mind and in her books."



Yani Pecanis: *El Viaje en Zeppelin (A Trip on a Zeppelin):* "It has to do with my family, who were on the *Hindenberg*. I was trying to recuperate part of my own history..."

Sustaining the Past: Tradition and Innovation in Mexican Book Arts
Yani Pecanins, Felipe Ehrenberg, Magali Lara & Johanna Drucker.
Mexican Book Arts Symposium
October 2, 1993

Headlands Center for the Arts co-sponsored an exhibition of 13 Mexican book artists at Galería de la Raza, San Francisco, August 31 - October 2. This project was funded by Fund for Culture/Fideicomiso Para la Cultura.

Contemporary Mexican Book Arts use as their source and inspiration the material culture of Mexico, creating messages which are both personal and political; relying not on technical finesse but on wit, humor and the capacity to make a thing of beauty from the mundane or discarded material of daily culture. The book arts of Mexico have a history which borrows from the rich heritage of pre-hispanic codices, the political work of Jose Guadalupe Posada, at the turn of the century, as well as activity in Europe in the 20th century. From these traditions, book artists have created a bricollage of styles which are distinctly Mexican. In the 70's and 80's Felipe Ehrenberg promoted collaborative work and low-tech processes with hand-made mimeographed books. His efforts as a teacher and practitioner have inspired the making of artists' books.

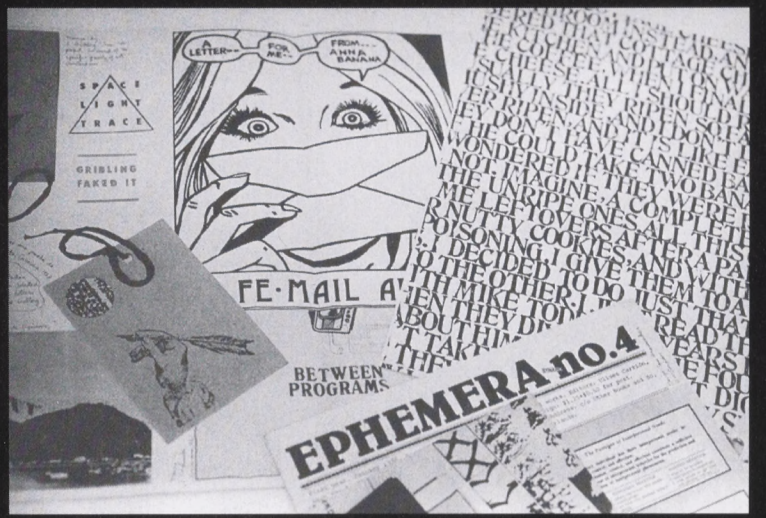
Felipe Ehrenberg: Let me preface your question by saying this. A lot of people think that with art you change things. That the individual through science or whatever it is can change things. I think, rather, that circumstances change you. And if you let yourself grow, then your circumstances, your concepts, your attitudes change. Awareness of different things are also changes —something that comes to you. And you must respond to it. 1968 I'm sure happened to many people and it changed their awareness of life and

their own functions and usefulness. But the usefulness is not an intended thing. A person's use to a community is difficult to predetermine, it happens. You don't make history, history makes you. When I arrived in England, I arrived under duress. It wasn't a choice. I didn't go to Europe to learn about art as many artists in Latin America or the United States do. We sold everything, we auctioned work off and we raised some money to leave. It was traumatic. I remember very clearly the minute the plane took off and I looked down on the city and I didn't know when I was coming back or if I wouldn't be coming back. Exile is a very strange frame of mind. It makes you immediately love with an enormous yearning what has just expelled you.

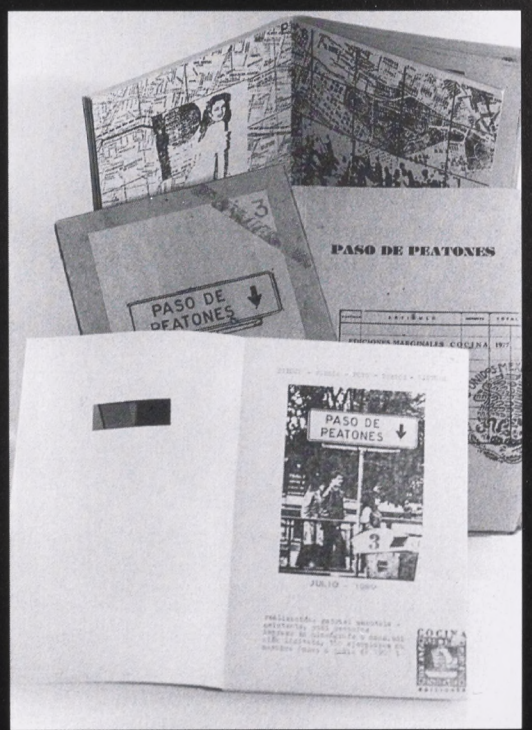
AC: You were instrumental in the development of Beau Geste Press in England which was connected to Fluxus work in Europe. Could you talk about that time?

FE: After the first few weeks in England I bought a duplicator at a second hand store around the corner. Mimeograph machines were a big tool, but in Mexico they were forbidden. Anything that prints, in a moment of political, social unrest and danger will be controlled, so immediately I bought it. The first thing I did was send mimeographed work to the Bradford Biennial, a printing competition in England for traditional work such as lithography, etching and so forth, and my work was accepted. The duplicator pointed very clearly to the enormous possibilities of using non-orthodox materials to enter orthodox fields within art. When we talk about it right now, in 1993, there's no problem, but it wasn't that way in 1968 to 1970. Conceptualism was not an accepted form in galleries. Beau Geste Press was able to take off with no capital because I had very good knowledge of craft techniques as used in Mexico. So it was almost inevitable that with a mimeograph machine and my knowledge of printing and an anarchist background, that the Beau Geste Press would take off. So we immediately became the Polygonal Workshop. Polygon is an N-sided thing, it was just an open thing.

AC: What about the collective activity that went on in



Ulisses Carrion, *Ephemera.* "The first words Ulisses could speak when he was a child were, 'I want to get out of here'."



Collective Book: *Paso de Peatones (Pedestrian Crossing):* "This is a book in a box. Everyone did a page—a poem, a drawing, a picture. We always printed all together at a party."

England ? How did that emerge?

FE: By that time, the late 60's, the whole Hippie trip had already taken off with its communal ideas and collective work. It was an environment in which everything was being questioned, going up against authoritarian histories and art was one of those histories. I was involved with Mexicans and the committee we had formed with British friends to free Mexican political prisoners. So there was all this group work and meetings and assemblies in exile in evenings. It becomes a way of life and you realize the generosity of working together as opposed to solo work.

AC: What was the transition back to Mexico like?

FE: I carried a ton and a half of stuff back with me from England on the boat when I came back with my two children. But I must have carried a thousand tons of information and knowledge in my head. When I arrived in Mexico I felt that I was all too loaded with European-ness. I didn't want to be in the city so I went to live in the small town, Xico. It was a very painful process. I realized that I had gone back to Mexico because I was saturated with European self-affirmation and certainties and I didn't want that. So in order to be able to stop being European, stop being so white and western, I had to return and re-understand my own land, my own birthplace, my own country.

AC: What did you do?

FE: I did nothing. At least I did nothing that seemed to be art. I did cultural things, because I had organizational skills and I had a vision of how to work with people. I recognized the absolute need not to colonize Xico with my trips, but to discover Xico on its own terms. And the word culture nowadays has been expanded to go beyond the fine arts. But at that time, it wasn't as generalized. Maybe some cultural anthropologist or social anthropologist referred to culture, but I wasn't an anthropologist and nobody is an anthropologist really. The ordinary use of the word culture was still reduced to the arts. So again, it was an intuitive knowledge. And I started looking for culture. And I found it. There's no place that doesn't have culture. When I stopped being an artist, I started to attract people that had creative inclinations. I realized that you can't create a context for culture outside of your own conditions. One of the very first things that I tried to do, was gather all the pre-Columbian things that people had kept in their homes and everything.

The next thing was to check into the visual chronicles, the visual history of the town, and that's through photography. So I started with a bunch of friends, younger kids, going from house to house looking for photographs. The oldest photograph we actually found was 1872 in Xico. It was the first time that Xico as a community saw itself, in time, photographically. And of course, the nature of photographs kept by people are anything but historical, you know, in the sense of they're just groups and picnics and people and they are the opening of the first drinking water system, and the first power plant. And that was so successful, that it has been reenacted and picked up since, throughout many places in Mexico. In the course of doing that, I also found musical scores by people that had made music in Xico. I don't read music, so I went over and saw an old violinist in Jalapa and I said, "Can you translate this?," and he started playing. And I liked the music so much that I took to it a friend of mine who had a program on national television in Mexico, and he dedicated a whole program to Xico, photographs and music. Now that does much more for people's sense of culture than the moat and castle circumstance of fine art. Those were the things that later in many years, the years that have gone since, have allowed quite a few people from Xico to become artists on their own. You create a context, you don't teach people how to do it. You just create the context. And the group phenomenon of the 70's is directly linked to all these experiences.

AC: There was also on your part a concerted effort to share with younger artists what you knew.

FE: I realized that setting up the Beau Geste Press would be setting up a small little Europe. Instead I finally hit upon teaching the methods and the processes of printing production in some workshops. I was developing at 28, 32, 36, in a way completely differently from my own peers in Mexico who had stayed in Mexico, who were absolutely installed within the limiting causeways of art. It would have been very difficult and it was, it was impossible to establish a real rapport with them. That was almost inevitable. Mexico's not a homogeneous society. We have never been able to homogenize ourselves. I like the word syncretism very much. Syncretism, where both sides affect each other equally so. Catholicism has affected the original theologies, and the original theologies have changed Catholicism in Mexico. And so it goes with culture.

SUSTAINABILITY 6: *Doing Otherwise*

This section's talks address how strongly images and visions working together with - or in opposition to - words, affect our sense of place, of obligation, and debt to the earth, to ourselves and to those who will eventually replace us. The artists' statements, images and events offer concrete visions of transforming preconceived, pre-formed spaces for new and vital designs and desires.

Fighting Worlds
Hans Haacke & Herb Schiller
August 22, 1993

Hans Haacke received his fine arts training in Europe and the United States. Hans has taught at several institutions including Pädagogische Hochschule, Kettwign, University of Washington, Rutgers University and Cooper Union.

Herb Schiller is a "radical critic" and Professor of Communications at University of California, San Diego. He is the author of several books including *Culture Inc.: The Corporate Takeover of Public Expression* in which he puts forth the notion of "institutional censorship."

Mark Bartlett: You recently co-edited *Triumph of the Image: The Persian Gulf War*. This is a very suggestive title. Would you comment on its terms? How do you understand the "image" to have "triumphed?"

Herb Schiller: The title makes an obvious allusion to Leni Riefenstahl's film, *Triumph of the Will*. The Persian Gulf war was a media triumph in which the realities of the war were camouflaged by the total control of the information apparatus exerted by both the White House and the Pentagon. CNN was the main circuit through which both national and global knowledge of the war was disseminated. What was shown was only what the military allowed to be shown, and that was the enormous capacity of military force employed with perfect precision and in a completely sanitary fashion. For example, one image which was shown repeatedly was of a bomb going down a chimney. This degree of precision and control indicated that damage to Iraq was contained, but we know that this so called "clean war," the "bloodless victory," was a gross misstatement. How else can we understand Desert Storm, which was an operation that had world-wide support, except as the control of image production aimed at shaping public understanding to an extent that was, in fact, fascistic? The efforts to control the media were deliberate and thorough. Press conferences were controlled by carefully selected commentator pools. The press had access only to what the military allowed them to observe. The Persian Gulf War was the occasion for the refinement of techniques of media control. If you want a more recent example of this type of control, just take the orchestration of Richard Nixon's death.

MB: How would you respond to the charge of being a conspiracy theorist? Isn't this charge actually a form of censorship in that it instantly destroys the credibility of any analysis of just how much control there actually is?

HS: Yes. Such a charge is a form of censorship. It has the effect of eliminating any analysis of the comprehensiveness of the structural conditions of control and of the material base that supports these conditions. It dismisses the fact of heavy concentration of the economy and the media in the hands of big money, big corporations that are relatively small in number. The fact is that the ownership of production, of the image/message-making apparatus is tightly controlled by a handful of corporations. Fox just raided CBS and ABC and has added 12 new television stations, all in major cities, to its media empire. Or take the example of the rivalry over who will run the so-called information superhighway. All the scrambling and fighting to be chief participant in building the highway — will AT&T overcome Microsoft who will overcome Apple who might be overcome by the cable companies — doesn't eliminate the fact that all of these rivals have exactly the same objective. Who the main players are is a second level concern. Rivalry doesn't diminish the fact that they all have the same goals and objectives - to concentrate power through control of the information apparatus to make as much money as possible. We are witnessing a growing concentration of this type of control. There is no need to rely on conspiracy theory to point out what the realities of power are. It is open to view. There is no need to postulate the existence of some kind of *deus ex machina* of control. The point is that the whole structure of the economy and government allows this set of control forces to happen and whether or not there are five or five hundred competing corporations doesn't matter, because collectively they have the same goals and the same impact.

MB: Is this situation any worse today than in previous periods of history?

HS: I believe it is. Government no longer plays a protective role. And forms of resistance to corporate hegemony have been eliminated. There used to be effective trade unions that interposed their strength against management. There used to be a large, independent farm population that played a similar role that has been systematically eliminated. The increase of suburban popula-

tions means an increase in depoliticized communities. So today there is virtually no countervailing power, no organized form of resistance to the growing concentration of power in the hands of corporate interest.

MB: Can anything be done?

HS: The question is: How to organize a countervailing power? We must remember that there are large numbers of people who do resist corporate hegemony. There are many groups organized around various causes. And there are many creative, original thinkers in the arts, in entertainment, in various cultural areas who hold views counter to the dominant controllers of power. Currently, there is no national cohesiveness among the many local initiative groups, the alternative presses, public access television, politically active artists, etc. The question is how to organize and mobilize them within a national framework. The problem is very difficult, but not impossible. I don't have the answers, but yes, something can be done.

Mark Bartlett's interview with Herb Schiller, May 1994

Nature Revised
Carolyn Merchant & Carrie Dann
May 2, 1993

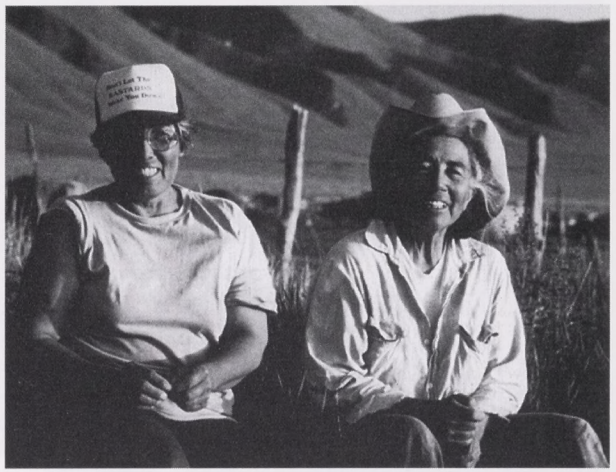
Ann Chamberlain: *California, taken by force with the technology and machine power of the Industrial Age, came to know an altered terrain manufactured largely by the need to dominate nature. For all of our cult of the outdoors today, our closest relationship to nature remains the asphalt propelling us to our weekend getaways, our picture of nature through the windshield. Metaphors of an infinitely yielding nature, submitted to our needs, is dangerous and presumptuous.*

Carrie Dann is an elder of the Shoshone nation, which covers most of eastern Nevada and stretches from Idaho to Southern California. They entered into a treaty of peace and friendship in 1863 with the U.S. Government. Unlike many other Indian treaties, it did not give up any land rights. Unfortunately, the U.S. Government never honored that document and has been violating it incessantly.

In 1973, the Bureau of Land Management demanded that Carrie and her sister Mary produce or obtain grazing permits for their livestock on what the BLM insisted was public land. Carrie and Mary insisted, however, that it was Shoshone land. They challenged the U.S. Government to produce those documents by which it had been transferred. Those documents do not exist and the U.S. still refuses to recognize their land rights. The case has been in court for 18 years. For the last two years, the land has been under military-style siege.

Carolyn Merchant is a professor of environmental history and philosophy at UC Berkeley. Her *The Death of Nature* was a landmark study of changes in the nature-as-female image during the scientific revolution, which reinvented the world as machine.

CM: James Lovelock's *The Gaia Hypothesis* interprets the ancient Greek goddess of the earth as a scientific hypothesis about how the earth maintains an optimal situation for continuing life.



Gaia has inspired scientists, artists, and, especially, feminists. It responds to a concern for recapturing some image that would bring us together spiritually and scientifically, reconnecting us with practices for sustaining life. Gaia and other new approaches to the world, in terms of process and transformation, differ from those of the last 300 years of science. Until the Gaia hypothesis, the 17th Century was the last time the earth itself was viewed by the majority of people as a living organism rather than a machine.

Ironically, contemporary images of "the whole earth" taken from outer space provide no real contrast to post-scientific mechanical ones:

The first image of "the whole earth" from space flights in the 60's suggests we are all, as Archibald MacLeish put it, "brothers" together on this earth. Yet this "whole earth" is a very problematical image, as Yaakov Garb has shown. Prior to the 17th Century, the cosmos was seen as alive, not as the two-dimensional flat object seen in current "whole earth" images. It had a body, soul and spirit and was portrayed as a nurturing mother, with circulatory, reproductive and elimination systems. An earthquake is Mother Earth's indigna-

tion at being violated: she breaks wind. Athenasius Kircher's *Mundus Subterraneous* (1678) shows the interior of the earth as vital, reproductive, palpitating, fertile, growing minerals and metals in her womb from seeds and stone-forming juices.

The image of the earth as a living whole was displaced, after the rise of science, by the metaphor of a machine. Nature was made up of inert parts, atoms or corpuscles, with no vital force or spirit within. Motion came from outside, put in at the creation by God, then passed from part to part. If nature is a dead machine, human beings can repair, manipulate, change, control and dominate it without having to propitiate it, without any ethical concern about how it might retaliate if you violated it.

In Plato's *Timaeus,* and before, the earth is at the center of a circular, hierarchical cosmos. It is a "whole earth" image, too, but very different from the one seen from outer space: it has tremendous vertical complexity, surrounded by spheres of water and air and fire, the planets, the moon and then the *spiritus mundi,* the world's female soul.

Compare this complex, dense, multi-layered image with a whole earth-image from today. From outer space, you see the moon with the whole earth in the background. The idea of the earth as our home is abandoned; we are detached from it. One astronaut pointed out that, in the spaceship, "You could take your finger, hold it in front of your eyes and blot out the whole earth with your thumb."

CD: The 9th Circuit Appeals Court in San Francisco, overlooking the constitutional requirement making treaties the supreme law of the land, did not give us a right to argue the title issue in the Supreme Court, but told us to go to the Indian Claims Commission. Because we are Indians, I guess. The Supreme Court only said we have the right to hunt and gather. Subhuman, animals. My right as a human has been denied.

As a traditional indigenous person, I cannot look at individual rights to land. I do not own the land. The land is my mother. I can't own my mother. I guess I am still pretty primitive, because I believe this earth is my mother.

To our people, the earth has never been dead. It is a female. As young girls, we were always told, take care of yourself because you are a mother, you are like the earth, for you will bring children to it. The earth brings children of all kinds; it is the breast which feeds each and every one of us. Whatever you get in the supermarket comes from the earth. The earth feeds you. The earth is one of the four of the sacred. The earth, the water, the air and the sun. Life cannot exist without these. When I went to school, I remember we were called "sun worshippers."

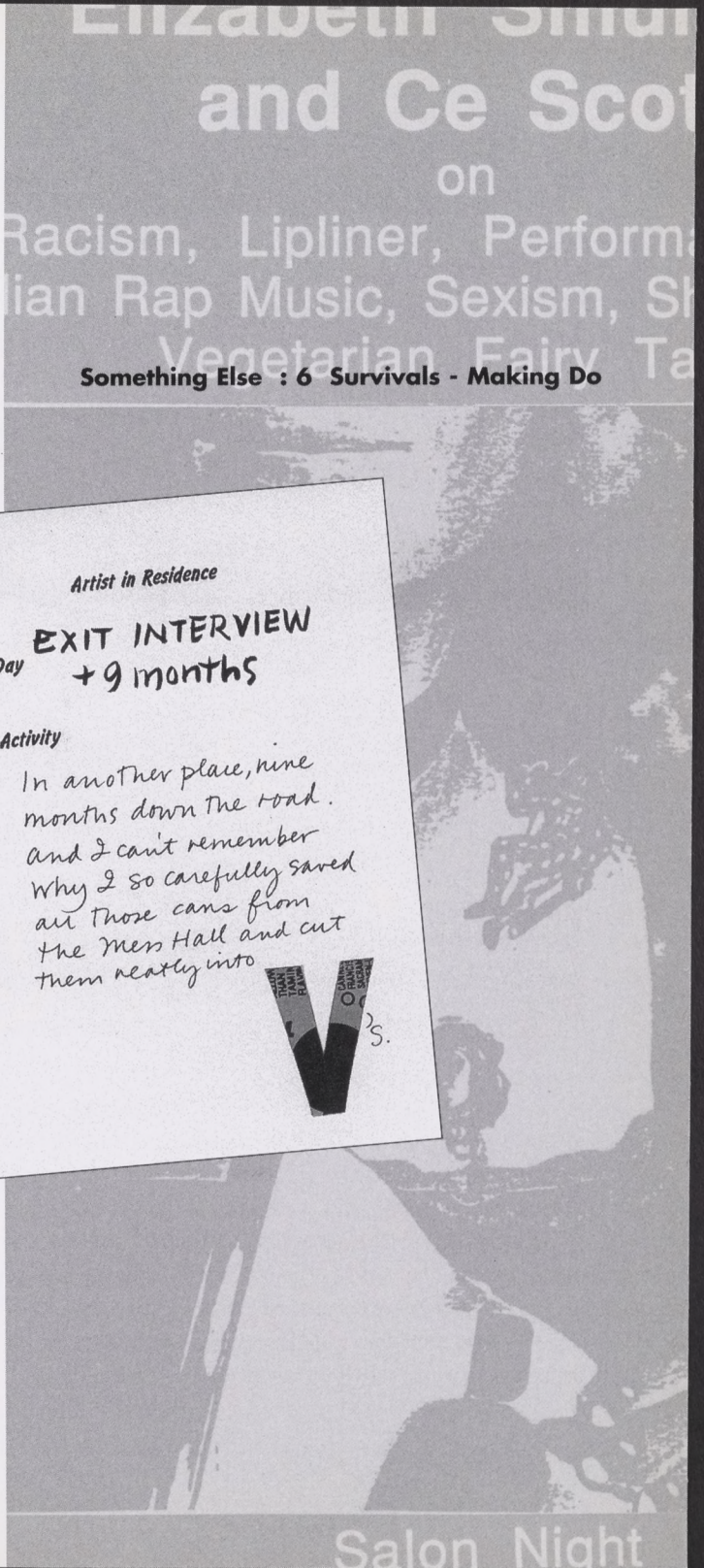
No computer can feed me. The earth, she can. Technology destroys many things, even our concept of ourselves. As Carolyn Merchant said, man now wants to control the earth. In my belief, we can try like hell to control the earth, but we can't. The earth, some way or another, will find how to control us. Brilliant men who call themselves scientists, work on things that destroy not only other life, but us as well. We see the Government of the United States lie to you on how safe all of that nuclear testing in the 1950's above ground

was. I am close to animals, I see a lot: deformity in calves beginning in 1977, which I had never seen in a lifetime; cancer in cattle which I had never seen until the late 1950's. Is this what we want for ourselves as well?

My grandchildren, my great grandchildren, won't be able to run up and down these streets because we, in this generation, and the next, don't give a damn. Can we look up to the next seven generations and say to the children that this area is going to be safe and sound?

The right to live on this earth belongs to me; it cannot be bought or sold. All we want from the U.S. Federal Government is the right to participate in controlling our lands. If we did, there would be no nuclear testing at the Mercury Site. We want input on how to save and live with whatever creation is there. Only we can talk to each other about these things. Birds, animals, and insects, with rights equal to ours, cannot.

People think we are going to kick all the white people out. I want to tell you something. In our prayers, as simple as it may be, we talk about all life, and you are a part of that life. We can never kick anybody out. I often wonder if, when the Europeans came across America, we were so timid they thought they took the land from us. We share everything. But, because sharing does not mean giving away any piece of our mother, it will always be Western Shoshone land.



The Shelter

7500 Pennies, Linen, Steel and Hair

In the realm of all that mankind has built, there always exists a function for what is created. Architecture serves a purpose, to shelter, to congregate and to work. This function is imbedded in every aspect of the structure. The very essence of the motivation for such construction is considered into every decision that is confronted, and exists for the life of that structure. The building has its own D.N.A.

Headlands Center for the Arts is endowed with those same characteristics. The memory of its purpose is cemented in its walls. The ideas of protection and defense are the omnipresent reason for the facilities at Fort Barry. They also existed to house and socialize the men stationed there.

These ideas of defense and protection seem relevant to us living in the late 20th century, and although the scale of that protection is much less than that of military installations, our concerns are equally important. My own concerns for these issues of survival were nurtured by the ideology of Fort Barry and the surrounding bunkers.

My work involved the exploration of these ideas of shelter and protection on a very fundamental level, and the translation of those concerns into objects and performances. These notions are not new, nor are there concrete answers to these questions of survival, only immediate responses that we hope will sustain our lives.

Liz Young,
Artist-in-Residence,
California

La Hija del Lluviero

Tenía los ojos grandes, de venada, y desde chamacos pasábamos en las tardes dos or tres veces por su casa para mirarla en el balcón alto, tras una verja de hierro, meciéndose primero junto a su abuela y a su madre, luego junto a su madre, después sola. Siempre mirando hacia la puerta del mar, siempre con los ojos bien abiertos, como esperando piratas.

The Rainmaker's Daughter

She had large doe eyes, and from earliest childhood we used to pass her house two or three times an afternoon to look at her on her high balcony, behind an iron grill, rocking, at first, together with her grandmother and her mother, then with her mother, and after that, alone. Always looking out toward the sea port, always wide-eyed, as if waiting for pirates.

Celso Santajuliana,
Artist-in-Residence,
Mexico

As the year progressed, artists would help make dinners or national dishes from their countries to share with others. Celso and I made a Mexican feast of sopa de calabasitas, chile pasilla relleno de picadillo, arroz mexicana, frijoles negros, ensalada de nopales, guacamole and crepas de cajeta. Celso taught me to save the seeds from the chiles. He said there is a tradition in Mexico to use something from the last meal in this one, so that there is a continuity from one meal to the next passing down through generations.

Celso's Salsa: Grind garlic cloves, onions and salt in the molcajete. Add chile serrano or jalapeños and grind. Add lime juice. Very green and hot.

Laurie MacKenzie,
Chef,
Headlands Center
for the Arts

Rock On

A Sound Installation by Krystyna Bobrowski

- the heavy squeak under my father's work shoes,

- the softer, even shuffle of my mother

- the scurry of my brother accented by tugs on the loose banister

Sitting in the kitchen, I always knew who was coming up the stairs before they turned the corner. No two people sound the same walking up stairs, breathing air, rocking in a chair, or chopping garlic for that matter. We constantly create our own variations on the patterns of everyday sounds and we constantly choose to tune in or tune out these sounds. Rock On is an installation which invites people to tune in to the natural rhythms, meditative motions and stories of rocking in a chair.

For this installation I borrowed six rocking chairs. Rarely did I borrow a chair that did not have personal significance to the owner. Chairs are laden with memories, stories and images. Using amplification, a variety of rocking surfaces, motion switches and prerecorded materials, I transform these six rocking chairs into instruments. Each chair has its own theme. Rocking in a chair activates sounds associated with that particular chair's theme. Rock in the middle of a pool of water and listen to the ocean rush at you. Rock on a mound of crumpled newspaper and listen to random segments of the day's news. Rock on a bed of nails and listen to fragments of a lullaby float in and out. Rock on a bent-up car hood and feel the rap rhythms move up through your feet. Anyone can "play" a rocking chair.

Krystyna Bobrowski,
Artist-in-Residence,
Bay Area

Song of the Badger

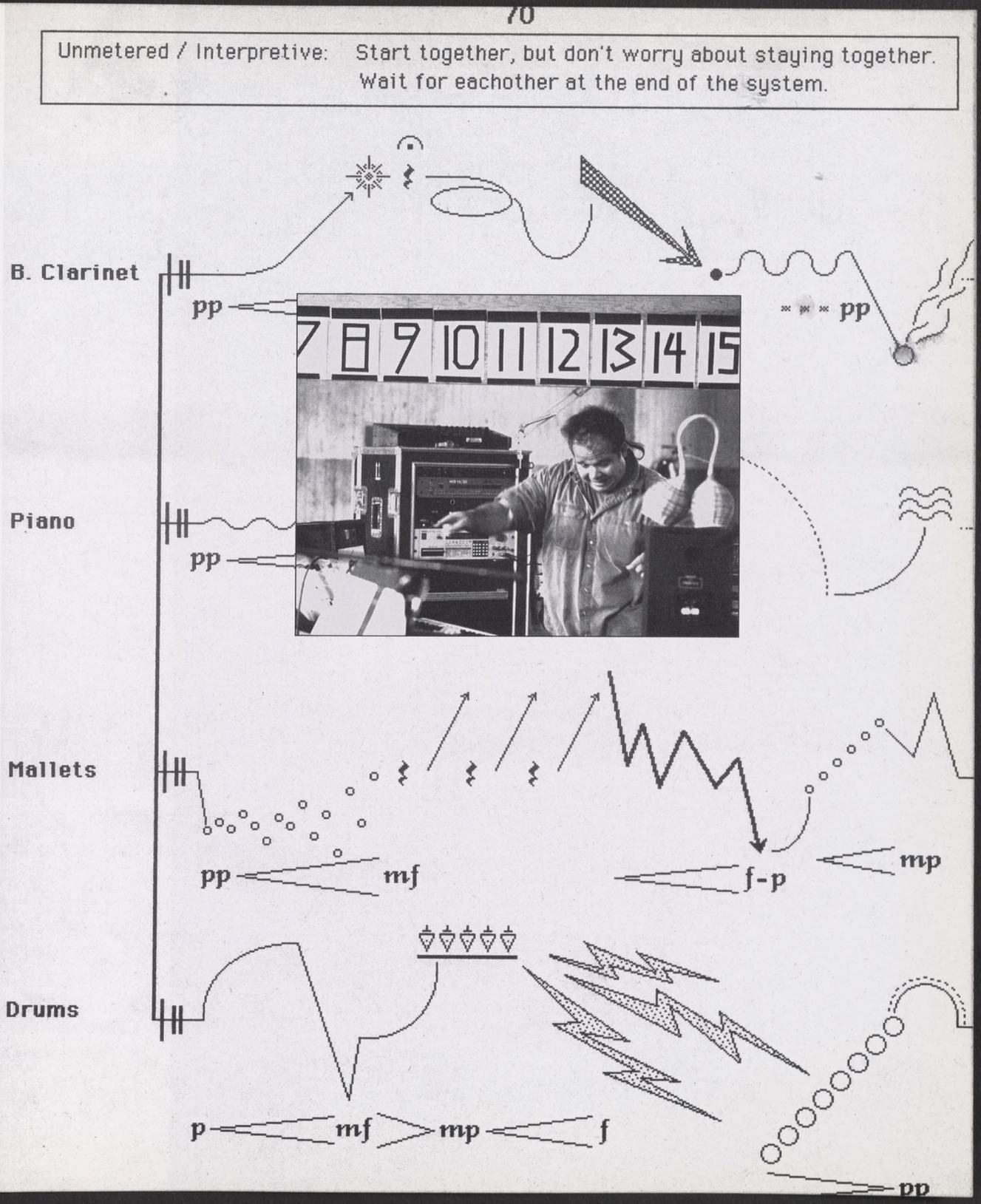
Program Notes

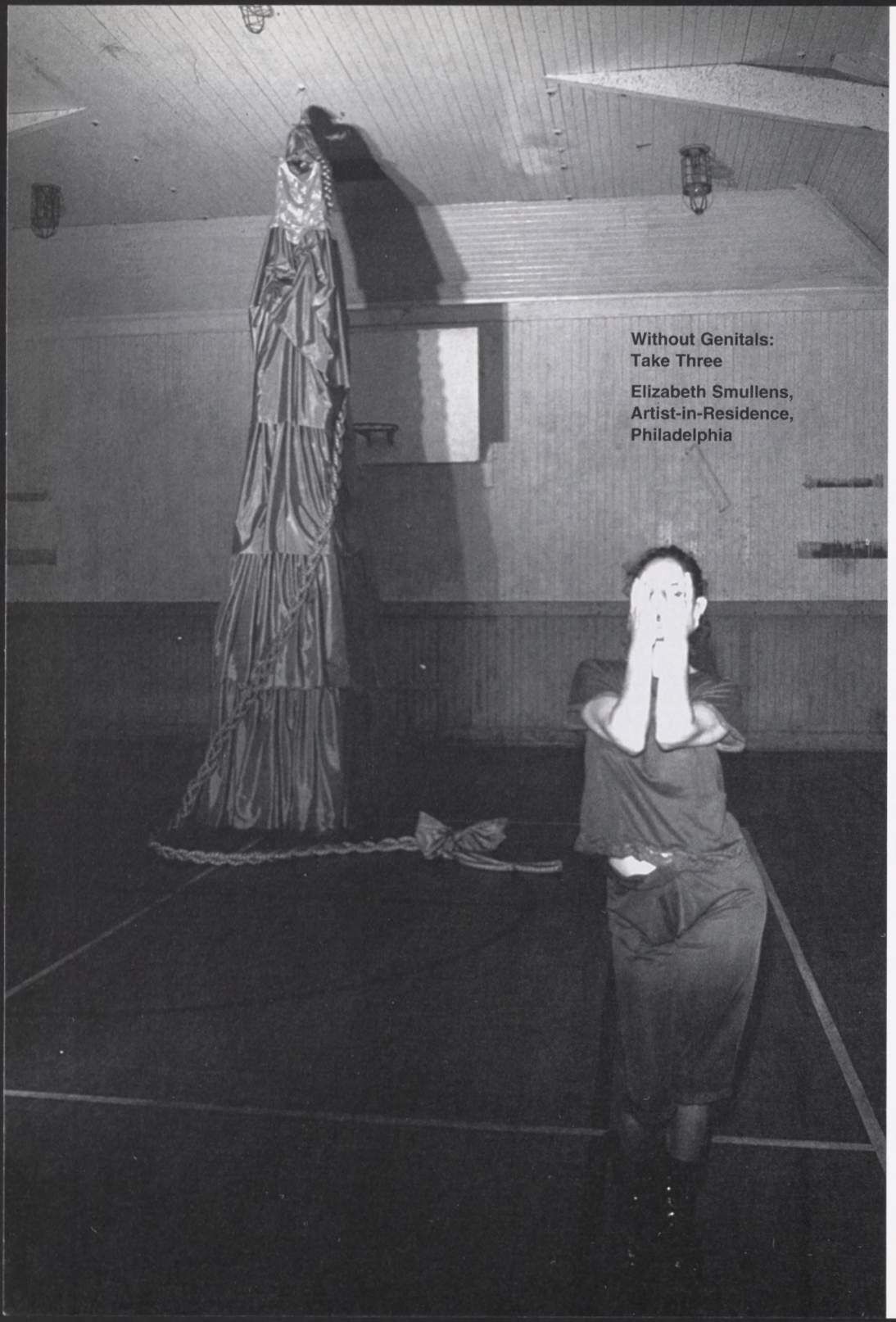
Song of the Badger was written specifically for the New Music ensemble Zeitgeist. It is not a song and has nothing whatsoever to do with badgers. It does however, represent a substantially new musical direction for me (or perhaps a return to my self-taught musical roots).

My current areas of intellectual inquiry have to do with our rapidly evolving perceptions of what constitutes aesthetically sound musical constructs. What "sounds good" to us has been changing at a faster and faster rate. Today, we can go into a record store or turn on the radio and listen to widely divergent music from virtually every culture on the planet. This exposure to music outside of our Eurocentric musical traditions is expanding our definition of what music is. I am particularly interested in our changing perceptions of phrasing and our growing acceptance of stylistic eclecticism. It used to be that we had very fixed expectations of phrase length and harmonic functionality within the phrase. Now we accept phrasing which is much less predictable, and harmonic function has been largely abandoned in favor of color and a linear transmission of energy within the phrase.

The cause of these changes in our perception lies in our heavy exposure to mass media. Like most people my age, I spent a substantial amount of my childhood staring at (and listening to) the television. This exposed me to a vast quantity of music which was written to support visual activity; music which was not intended to stand alone. It was incidental music, where traditional phrasing and compositional practices were often rejected in favor of closely following the dramatic tension and visual activity of a scene. I have received heavy doses of this music throughout my life and it has become part of the cultural matrix from which my music grows. It has only been in the last few years that I have begun to realize just how significant an influence it has been on my own musical sensibilities.

Mike Olson,
Artist-in-Residence,
Minnesota





Without Genitals: Take Three

Elizabeth Smullens, Artist-in-Residence, Philadelphia

As Oceans Curve: Sounding the Deep Ocean Layer
Joe Catalano & Friends
June 20, 1993

As Oceans Curve *was a collaborative performance/installation created by Oakland based composer, Joe Catalano. This site specific work, using the resonant frequencies of the performance space, as well as sound sources in just intonation, explored the sonic properties of the Eastwing of Building 944, Rodeo Cove and Rodeo Lagoon of the Marin Headlands.*

Mark Bartlett: Joe, what is this representation of your performance all about? How does the topographical map of the Headlands relate to the sky map relate to the room map?

Joe Catalano: It's a score. Musicians often don't like it, but that's what it is.

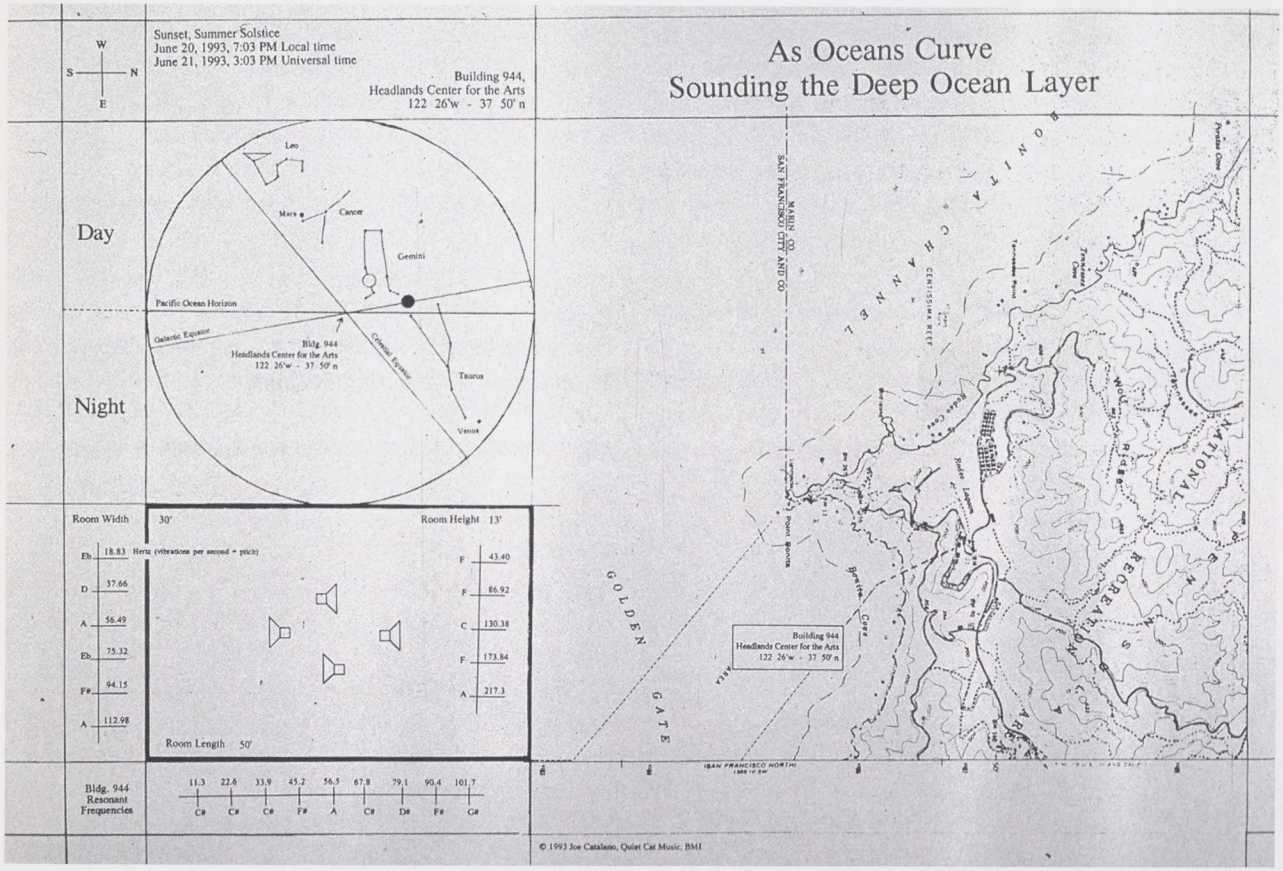
MB: I can imagine why. It seems to be about place and time.

JC: It is. Specifically it's about the room I performed in, the Eastwing of Building 944, on the summer solstice in the Headlands at 122 26' W - 37 50' N with Gemini in the night sky above. I played the room for five hours. *As Oceans Curve* is an eight hour piece, but I played only five hours of it.

MB: What do you mean, you "played the room?"

JC: Every room has its own resonant frequency, its own musicality. I empirically determined what the fundamental pitch of the Eastwing was by measuring the length, width and height of the room, dividing the speed of sound by, for instance, the length of the room multiplied by two. I multiply by two because the unit of sound is the complete period, or like the swing of a pendulum, the movement from the east wall of the room to the west wall and back again. This is the lowest fundamental frequency that the room articulates. In this case, it was an E flat.

MB: So the resonant frequency of the Eastwing is an E flat, and you played the room by playing that pitch into the room? What instrument did you play?



JC: Not exactly. I use electronic drones. The composition is based on one tone, E flat, but pure tones are actually arbitrary. The composition is based around the ideal, average pitch E flat, 18.83 Hertz, but I'm actually interested in the overtones that envelope E flat. I tune just off-center to the fundamental (E flat) and articulate the overtones by tuning, detuning, tuning, detuning.

MB: So you played a single note for five hours? Sounds a bit minimal?

JC: Yes, I suppose it is. But since I am playing the overtones, I'm actually playing quite a variety of sounds. The air is a medium, like water. You could say that we are immersed in water. I think that we're not generally aware of this. But sound is sound because it vibrates the air, like the moon's gravitational pull on earth vibrates the oceans. So in sound, we are physically linked. The point of my sound installation is to produce a sustained tone, because a sustained sound takes on a 3-dimensional quality, whereas a quickly played tone is 2-dimensional or linear. *As Oceans Curve* vibrates the entire volume of air of the Eastwing.

MB: So it's subtlety that you're after. It sounds like demanding work both to play and to listen to. Would say that you're a minimalist, but a minimalist who adds the specificity of context, or place, to your work?

JC: Yes. I studied with Pauline Oliveros, and her music is about deep listening, a kind of meditation. I discovered that when I would electronically sustain a sound, which according to the pitch calibration of the equipment never varied, that it actually did vary when listened to. I found myself listening, fascinated, to the variations, and sometimes several hours would go by. Since the pitch, electronically, never changed, I realized that it was the reflection of the sound in the room that was the cause of the overtones I was hearing. It is this type of listening, and playing, that is the basis of my work. The room itself is my instrument.

MB: Like being inside a guitar?

JC: Yes. And the electronic equipment would be the strings.

MB: You performed with other people didn't you?

JC: Yes. Tim White played sitar, flutes and other instruments; Wendy Jeanne Burch, a poet, read her poetry, sang and used a vocal processor; Ingeborg Weinmann sang; and Shinko Koyama performed with sand and burned fragrances that American farmers would burn at that time of the year. In order to orchestrate their participation nonverbally, I placed a clock in the room with a sky map and the performers names on it, keyed to certain times so that they would know when to perform.

MB: How does Gemini fit into all this?

JC: It gives meaning, or the content to the work. Gemini was the constellation in the sky at the solstice. Gemini is a Janus figure, the figure that looks east and looks west, or looks into the past and looks into the future simultaneously.

MB: Like the periodic movement of the sound waves in the Eastwing? And like the overtones that embrace the fundamental?

JC: Yes. Like the drone, a continuous, unbroken, sustained sound that changes over time, very subtly, but deeply in many layers. Like the sounds of waves breaking.

Mark Bartlett's interview with Joe Catalano, May 1994

History of the Forts
John Martini
August 15, 1993

John Martini is a native Californian and a life-long researcher into the history of the American West. He has been a National Park Ranger for twenty years, serving at such diverse locations as Fort Point National Historic Site, Alcatraz Island and the National Maritime Museum. John is currently stationed in the Marin Headlands of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area where he serves as a Supervisory Ranger for Interpretation.

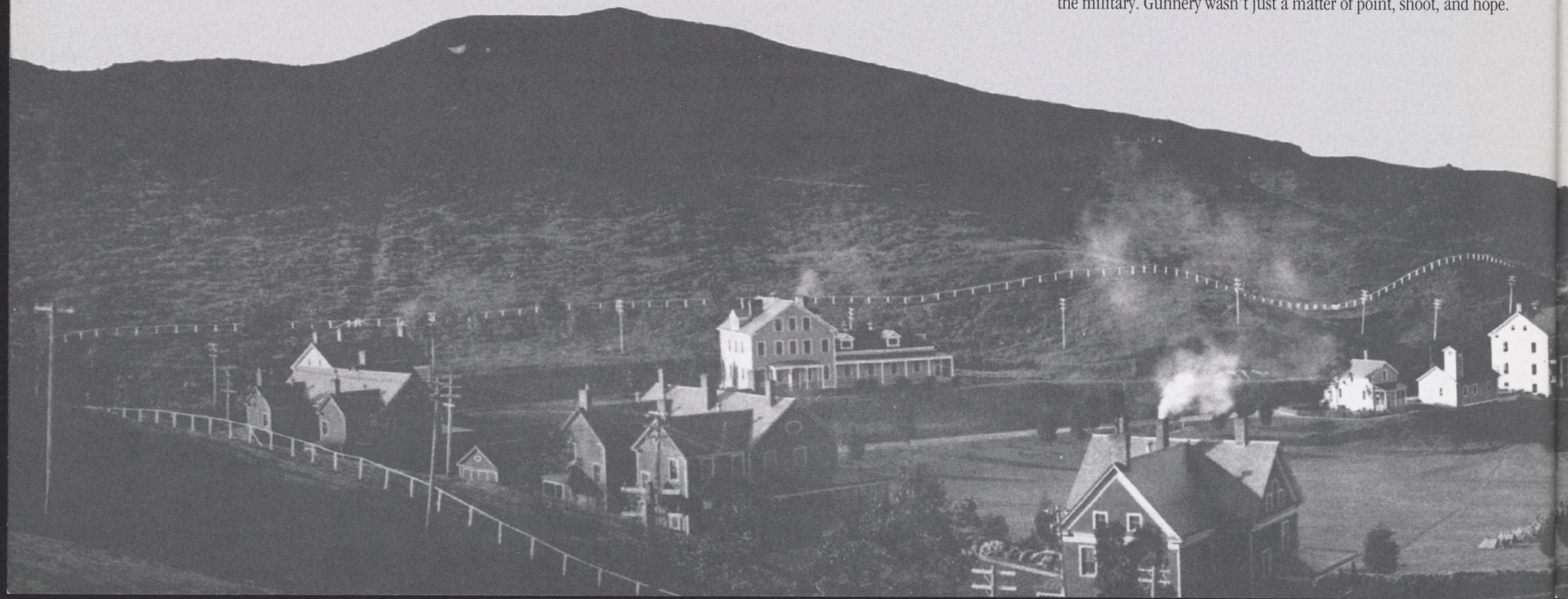
Today I'm going to talk about the history of the forts. Where did the forts come from? Why were they here? Who was the enemy who never came?

In 1769 when the Spanish arrived, this was the land of the Miwok. The Miwok didn't believe in owning land, but they controlled it as the hunting lands of a tribe that lived in what by 1769 was ceded to the King of Spain as part of a huge land grant called "Rancho Sausalito." Then in the 1830's, a British citizen living in California was given a grant to Rancho Sausalito that spread from Fort Cronkhite to Mill Valley. When several years later California was ceded to the Americans, the Army established a plan to take the land on the south side of the Golden Gate, the Presidio, and buy Rancho Sausalito, which it did in 1866.

The Army bought the lands that we now call the Marin Headlands. The hills are dotted by the remains of what the Army has done in the last one hundred and forty years. Five generations of fortifications were built out here in anticipation of invasions that never came.

It was lonely out here until the year 1892 when the Army finally decided to garrison. The first soldiers that moved out here set up a little shelter down and along side the old engineer village which had become pretty decrepit. The caption to a photograph we have of it, reads, "Headquarters Fort Baker, a tent." They began the supervision of a second generation of forts. The first fort was obsolete before it was finished.

The men who served here served at the guns, and at the turn-of-the-century we are no longer talking about cast irons guns that fired cannon balls, but about immense steel weapons that fired pointed, bullet-like shells, with ranges of not three miles, but eight to eleven miles. These soldiers were initially part of the U.S. Artillery and by the early twentieth century became a separate and very distinctive unit - the United States Coast Artillery Corps, roughly analogous in status to the Strategic Air Command (SAC) of the 1950's and 1960's. They had the biggest weapons. Theirs was the most advanced, most powerful and most technically demanding field in the military. Gunnery wasn't just a matter of point, shoot, and hope.



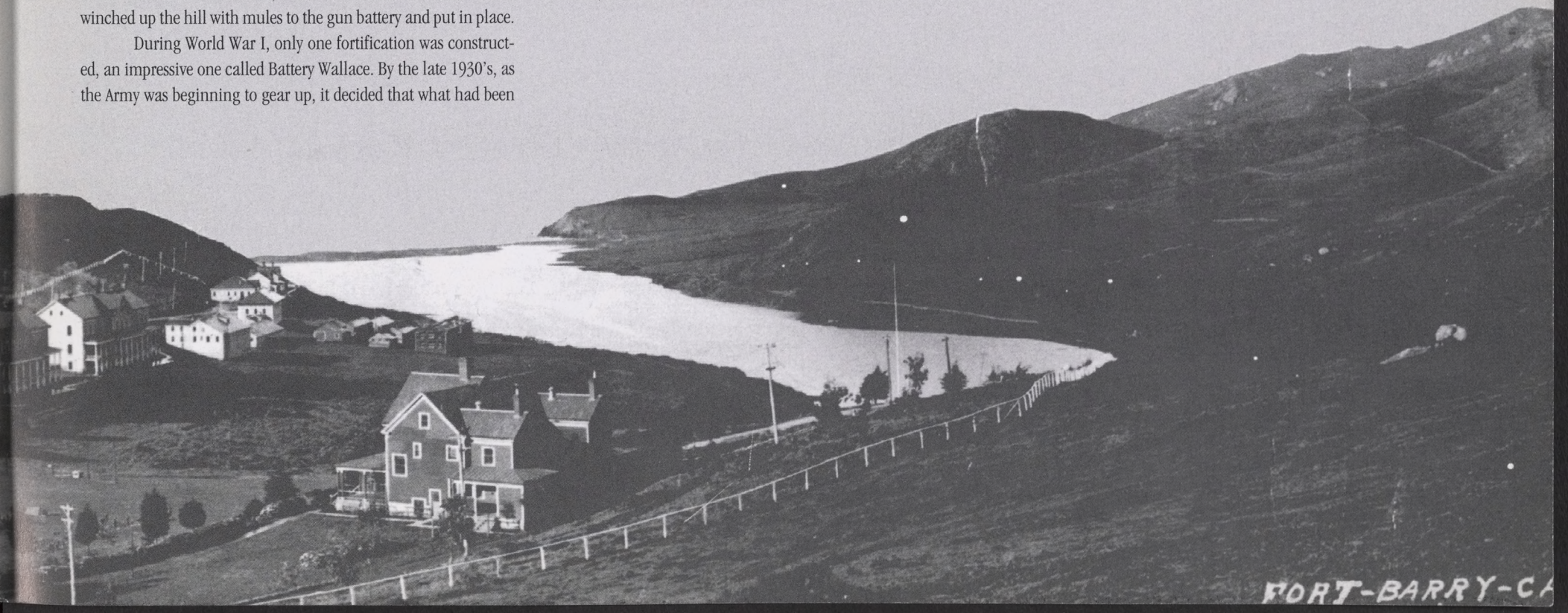
A vast amount of information had to be gathered, calculations carried out and transmitted over telephone lines. To fire a one thousand sixty-five pound shell to a range of eight miles at a moving target, the target's movements, the wind drift factor and the rotation rate of the earth while the shell was in the air, had to be calculated in order to project the shell's trajectory to the target.

About 1902, the Army had finished building the early stages of Fort Baker and fortifications at the neck of the Golden Gate, and they moved further west to Point Bonita. The only road out here was a wagon road with ox carts and horses, and in order to construct the batteries they had to construct their own concrete plant. Prior to the era of dump trucks, they used a huge array of overhead cables and dump buckets to sling the wet concrete. They poured structures of solid concrete that were thirty-five feet thick. The gun barrels were forty-five feet long and weighed twenty-five to thirty tons each. They were put on a barge in San Francisco, floated out the Golden Gate, landed on Rodeo Beach and then winched up the hill with mules to the gun battery and put in place.

During World War I, only one fortification was constructed, an impressive one called Battery Wallace. By the late 1930's, as the Army was beginning to gear up, it decided that what had been the most advanced weapons were now no more than antiques worthy only to be displayed at the Smithsonian. They ranged eight miles, but were vastly outmoded by battleship guns ranging over twenty miles. New fortifications were needed. And so the Army began construction on the heights on the other side of Rodeo Lagoon. The fortification itself would mount two sixteen-inch calibre rifles. It took three trucks to tow one incredibly large gun barrel. Each weapon was a two hundred ton barrel on a three hundred ton carriage. It had to be loaded mechanically. It fired a shell that weighed twenty-one hundred pounds. And when the weapons fired, the concussion could be heard all over the Bay Area. The range was twenty-six miles.

On the eve of World War II, the face of the Army changed. The Army began to swell because of conscription and the efforts of "mobilization." Men began to pour into these batteries all along the coast. On the night of December 7, 1941 the men moved out of their barracks, into tunnels and batteries on the hills. No one knew what had happened in Pearl Harbor. All they knew was that the fleet had been destroyed and that the United States was at war.

Up and down the cliffs, from Point Reyes to Half Moon Bay, dozens of little observation posts were built. They were often mistaken for machine gun nests, but in fact were the homes of three very cold Coast Artillery soldiers who took turns with telescopes watching for a possible invasion force. They would telephone to plotting groups below ground, the movements of each and every ship coming in and out of that harbor. Using hand operated calculating equipment, they would take information from the spying stations up and down the coast. Using angles of view, they would triangulate the range to ships and hostile targets off the coast. They plotted the wind direction, the rotation of the earth, and even the humidity in the air. A great deal of the training had less to do with firing the guns than handling this type of data.



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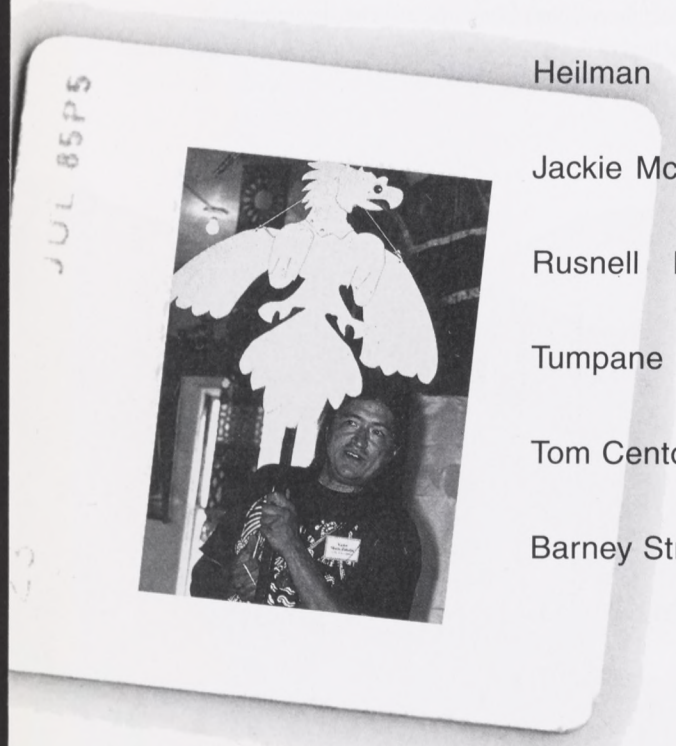

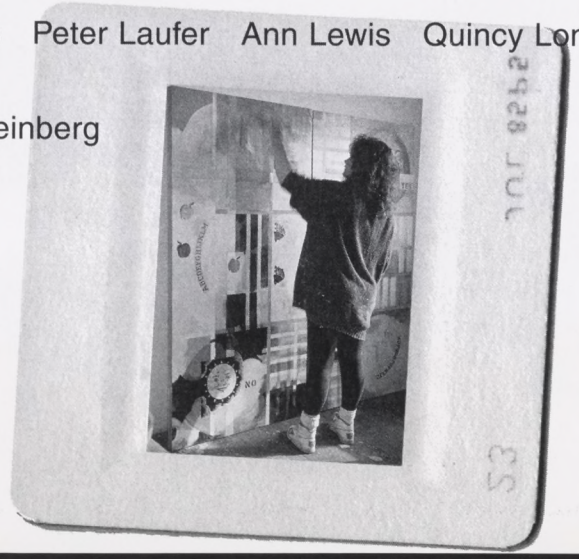

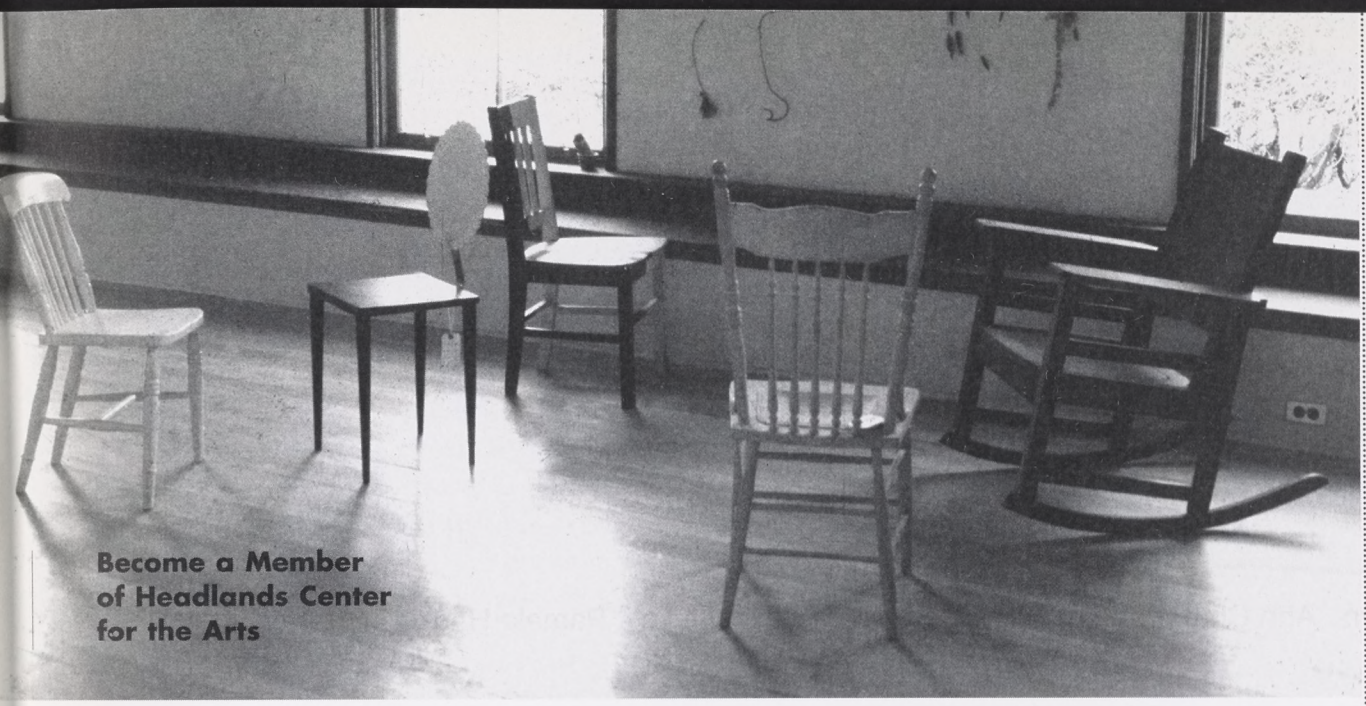

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Dennis Collins, President, The James Irvine Foundation

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Title Page: Rosenstock Road. Jorge Vertiz.

Page 2: Jennifer Dowley. John Wilson White.

Page 5: Rodeo 2. Peter Xiques Photography.
(insert) Dwelling. Sheila Ghidini.

Page 6: Rachel Rosenthal & Dr. Tim Weiskel. Victor Mario Zaballa.

Page 11: Salon Night Flyer, Tanya Hastings.
(insert) Susan E. King.

Page 12: Florence Flo Oy Wong, Open House. Marcia Leiberman.
(insert) John Wilson White.

Page 13: Dean MacCannell. Josefa Vaughan.

Page 14: Grass Blown Around the Lagoon. Jorge Vertiz.

Page 15: Dwelling, Sheila Ghidini. John Wilson White.

Page 16: Lewis Jordan. Zand Gee.

Page 17: Rodeo 2. Peter Xiques Photography.
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Page 19: Shasta Bioregion. Arthur Okamura

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Page 27: Rodeo 2. Peter Xiques Photography.
(insert) Dwelling. Sheila Ghidini.

Page 28: Courtesy Marin Recycling and Resource Recovery Association.

Page 29: Flying Can Ranch at Marin Recycling and Resource Recovery Association. Beverly Ayotte.

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(right) Wash, 1973, Mierle Ukeles. Courtesy RFFA, NYC.

Page 31: Re-Entry, 1987, Mierle Ukeles. Courtesy RFFA, NYC.

Page 32: Salon Night Flyer, Tanya Hastings.
(insert) Susan E. King.

Page 33. Leaves of Grass, Gunilla Bandolin. Marcia Lieberman.

Page 34: Last Light Over Rodeo Lagoon. Mark Klett.

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Page 38: Njinga the Queen King. Courtesy Pauline Oliveros Foundation.

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Page 41: The Nature Theatre of Oklahoma (M), K.O.S. Kathy Clague.

Page 43: (left) Salon Night Flyer, Tanya Hastings.
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Page 76: Slides: (top) Billy Lynn. Georg Sessler/Bildhuset.
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(right) Holly Blake. Georg Sessler/Bildhuset.
Headland's Archives.

Page 77: Mess Hall. Headland's Archives.

Cover (back): Artist's Studio. John Wilson White.

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